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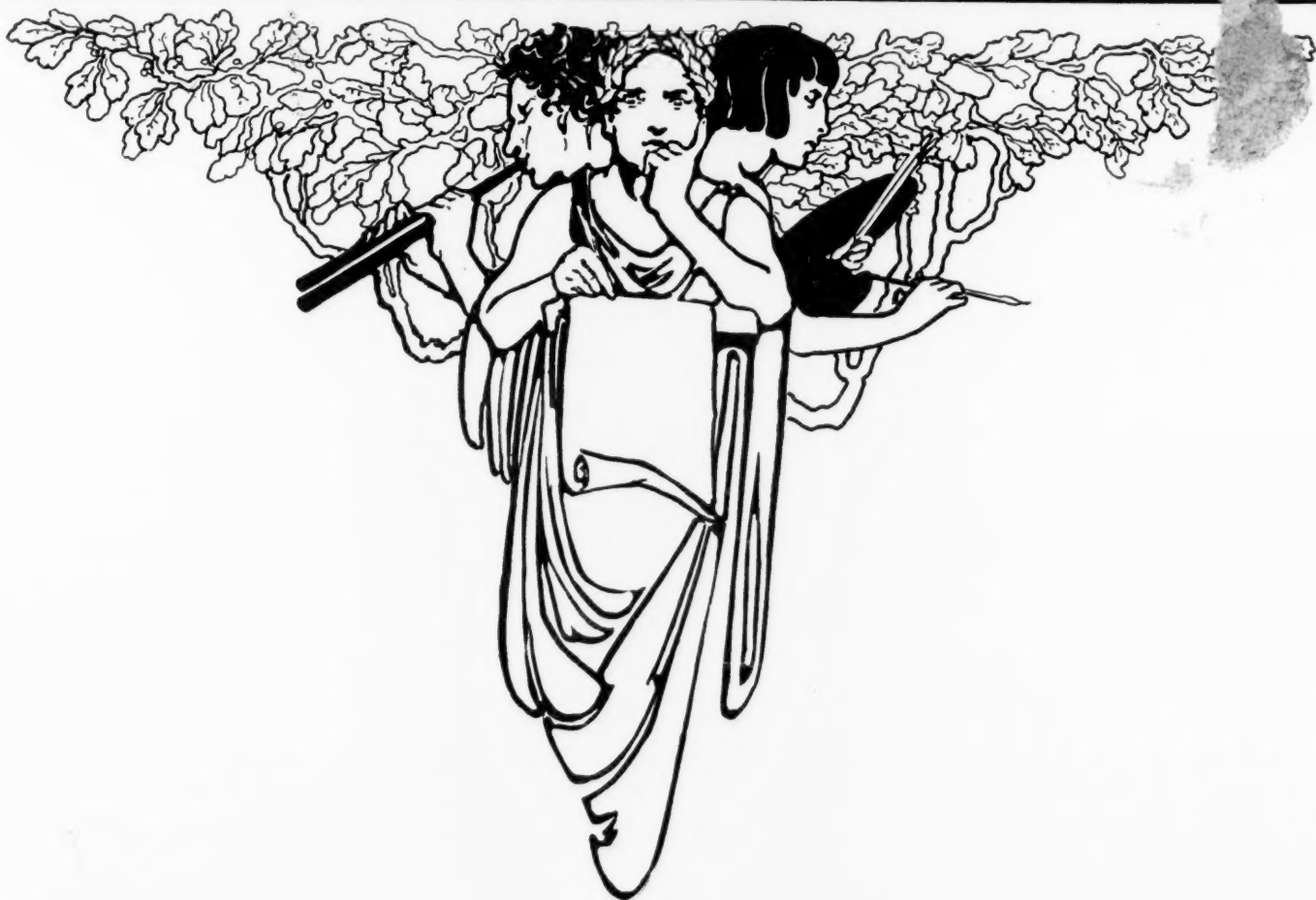
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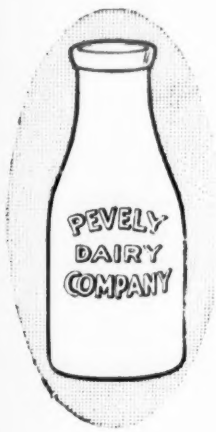
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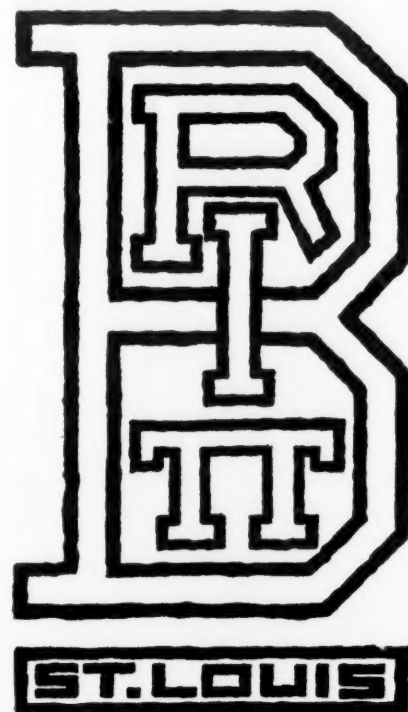
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In the getting out of the first number of a new English magazine in Tokyo recently a proofreader discovered that the number 40,000 had been printed 39,000. On inquiring through an interpreter how such an odd mistake could

have occurred, the proofreader said: "I can imagine a mistake of 20,000 or 30,000 being made, but how could he get 39,000 instead of 40,000?" The typesetter's reply was: "I had no '4' at the moment, so I calculated that 39,000 would be nearer the right amount than any other figure."

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REEDY'S MIRROR

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ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1917

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

A Liberty Day Musing

LIBERTY BOND DAY came and—remains. No one who saw such a beautiful and picturesque parade as was given in St. Louis could be unmoved by the sense of solemnity underlying the gayety of the marchers. It was a vast ceremonial of dedication—a rite of the religion of country. Even the chorus of factory whistles had a touch diapasonic of the *vox humana*. The women in uniforms indicating service were an impressive element of the demonstration. A new civilization, a new humanity is being builded even so as by fire and tears and blood, and spiritually dead is the man who is conscious of no part in the stupendous cataclysm. He is like that man in Andreyev's story who was concerned only with his toothache as the Saviour passed his house in Jerusalem on the way to Calvary. Mankind to-day is being crucified and—redeemed. The race is at once the victim, the altar and the divinity, in the image of the One of whom all are parts. Yes, patriotism means more than mere parade. It means sacrifice, as soon we all shall know, and sacrifice not for our country alone but for all the peoples—even those we fight, for that, poor blind brothers of ours, they know not what they do.

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The New Draft Plan

EVEN Uncle Sam has to learn by experience. He has learned that there were grave defects in the draft plan. Now General Crowder has evolved a programme for the remainder conscription that will prevent the gathering into the army of men specially fitted for service in other important fields of effort—in farming, ship-building and mechanical trades. No more men will be taken who may have to be drafted back to civil life. At first the government could not wait for the operation of a really selective draft. The need of men in France was imperative. Hereafter, men of the nine million registered will be examined and given a definite place in order of liability for service. Those best able to go will be taken first. There will be distinction as to the matter of dependent families. The registration list will be classified. The classification as outlined is very fair and practically it provides exemption for none but the physically unfit. The government will not leave to the individual the burden of claiming exemption, though he may appeal from his classification. The examination of the registrants has been simplified in the light of experience and the work of the boards will be lightened. This new system is much fairer than the one now in force, though the new plan will not be retroactive. Its operation will let every man know soon just what he may expect, in what class he will be placed and when he may be called. The strain of the selection upon business and social life will be minimized. Production will not be impaired. It is not likely that the draft age limit will be extended beyond 31 years, or lowered to 20 years, as was proposed. And the government does not look forward to calling more than 2,000,000 men for service abroad, since more than that number could hardly be transported within two years. There is not the shipping to do it with. All in all, the new plan is satisfactory by virtue of its eminent reasonableness and justice.

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A Wrong Without a Remedy

A MAN named Macauley was arrested in 1916 in St. Louis as a cheque-forgery. A year later, after having expended \$50,000 and lost his health in the effort to clear himself, the case against him was dis-

missed because it was conclusively shown that the things for which he was arrested were done by another man. This man has no recourse. He may sue for damages the officers who arrested him, the men who identified him as a forger, but he cannot recover a penny. To any suit he may bring it is a sufficient answer that the actions taken against him were based upon reasonable probability. They thought he was the celebrated crook, "Christmas" Keough. To them he looked like that person. So they arrested him as that person, and while they were trying to convict him of that person's felonies, "Christmas" Keough resumed operations at a time and a place which showed that Keough and Macauley were and are not one and the same. About all that can be done for Macauley is to have the legislature of Missouri, where he was arrested, or of New York, whither he was extradited, pass a bill compensating him for his loss of health, time and money. It seems that an individual so injured by the state should have some certain remedy against it. I understand that in Germany some remedy is provided for false arrest and unjust imprisonment.

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How About This?

WHILE the officers of the American Red Cross are explaining things they might take some of their time to tell us why the memorial tablet to Miss Clara Barton has not been installed at Washington in accordance with the vote of congress. The organization owes it to the memory of that noble woman to wipe out the defilement put upon her name by some of her successors in the work she organized and developed into incalculable usefulness.

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A Distinction and a Difference

THE French executed one Hati Saru, a woman caught selling secrets concerning ordnance to the Germans. A MIRROR reader with a German name writes asking the difference between this woman's case and that of Edith Cavell. The difference is that this woman betrayed her country to the enemy. Edith Cavell only helped Belgian soldiers to escape to Holland. The one betrayed her country for money. The other acted from love and sympathy.

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The Local Theatre Problem

Two facets of the St. Louis theatre problem are shown at the two leading theatres this week. At the Jefferson is being staged with a fourth-rate company "direct from a nine months' run in Chicago" an indifferently bad play which ran a year in New York—"Turn to the Right." It is trite in theme and treatment. No one would expect it to run a year, or nine months, or even nine days in St. Louis. Might the reason not be that St. Louisans are more discriminating in their tastes? At the Shubert-Garrick the popular "Over Night" of a few seasons ago, converted into a musical comedy somewhat better than a vaudeville of the first class, with a hand some setting, smart songs, a beautiful chorus and an all round good company is playing to hardly half a house, while last week a premiere drew large audiences. "Very Good Eddie" is simply vaudeville, somewhat aged, with the edge taken off. It comes very near to being a bore out here. The natural deduction is that St. Louisans crave something newer than New York's year-old discards. We get so much old stuff and second-rate stuff as a general thing, in St. Louis, that when a good play comes along we forget to go to it because we cannot throw off the inhibitions to which we have become more or less habituated by disappointing or doleful experience with the ordinary run of bookings at the theatres. We would have better shows here if the

local maangers had something to say about the attractions instead of being merely functionaries doomed to accept without question whatever the "head fingers" in New York shunt this way.

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Verba Non Facta

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY DANIELS advises physicians to tell young men the truth, saying "now as never before American manhood must be kept clean." But the young men have been told the truth for ever so long and they continue to fall victims to the scourge of the unclean woman. There is a way to save them from this, when warnings fail. It is by the use of the prophylactic kit. But Secretary Daniels will not permit its use in the navy. The secretary in this is still in the dark ages. He thinks talk is better than scientific precaution.

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Where Can She Go?

ONCE again the St. Louis police are driving out of town the evil women. Once again common sense and Christian charity ask "Where are they to go?" We have no right to force them upon other communities. Must they starve? There is no place where they can work. Shall we drive them into the river? Their crime is not capital. And while the veterans of the army of sin are being driven, conditions are creating new recruits. They are not volunteers. They are driven by a greater power than the police into their sad or wicked lives. That greater power is Poverty. What this city, this country, this world needs is a grand drive against Poverty. Old stuff, all this, yes. But it's true.

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East St. Louis Atones

EAST ST. LOUIS is redeeming itself to an extent. Four white men have been found guilty and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment for participation in the anti-negro riot early in July. Ten negroes have been convicted of deeds that precipitated the riot. It was too much to expect that there would be any convictions for murder. Allowance has to be made for a general excitement out of which grew individual acts. The fact that the punishments assessed are moderate, when contrasted with the horror of the riot, is the best proof that the juries trying the defendants are acting on reason rather than passion. The petit juries are acting as coolly as did the grand jury that found the indictments. It is this deliberate sanity that must impress the country. Also it will be so impressed upon the seventy indicted men who remain to be tried, that many will probably plead guilty. East St. Louis has suffered much for a day's madness. But the way in which the people of that town are making atonement is most admirable. Needless to say, the crooked politicians of East St. Louis have had nothing to do with the trials. The politicians are still abusing and threatening the reporters who exposed the conditions out of which the unrestrained rioting grew.

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Swapping Bridges

SOME time ago someone suggested that the city of St. Louis take over the Eads bridge and let the railroads take the municipal or free bridge. The suggestor escaped with his life. I think the *Post-Dispatch* was loudest in denunciation of the proposal. Now, the railroads having refused to use the free bridge on a basis of abolishing their arbitrary on coal entering this city, and the bridge standing idle, the *Post-Dispatch* comes around to support the proposition it attacked so ferociously. That paper thinks the city should have control of the Eads bridge and tunnel, and the vehicle roadway. The tunnel should be used as an underground terminal for interurban traffic—when we get any interurban traffic to speak of. There's nothing more wrong about the proposition now that the *Post-Dispatch* favors it, than there was when the *Post-Dispatch* opposed it. Let the railroads use the municipal bridge on fair terms, says the *P.-D.* The roads will be glad to do so, I imagine. But fair terms, in the railroad view, won't include a surrender of the charge of 20 cents a ton on all coal brought into the city. The Eads bridge is really

more useful to the city, under present conditions, than the free bridge, for it strikes right into the heart of the town. Trolleys using it can deliver their passengers in the business district. There are no trolleys yet to use the municipal bridge and when they are built they would have to enter a long distance from the commercial center. Some such arrangement for the use of both bridges must be made, or one of them, and that the one built by the city, will stand unutilized—a monument to our civic ineptitude. When the same suggestion now made by the *Post-Dispatch* came from some railroad men, it was by that paper denounced as monopolistic insolence and arrogance. But the proposal is a good one, none the less. It should be carried out by negotiation between the city and the roads. And the supreme court having sustained the arbitrary on coal as a service charge, the city might as well "forget it."

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The Antilles Sinking

IN the sinking of the *Antilles* by a German torpedo, the crew behaved splendidly. Seventy gallant fellows lost their lives. Three of the lost are entered on the roll as having their next of kin in Germany. But most of the men were lost through the overturning or smashing of the lifeboats in lowering. There was some bad management else that would not have happened. Someone in authority lost his head or blundered. It is awful to have our sailors killed by Germans. It is tragic to have them killed by our own inefficiency.

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Foolish Russian Peace Terms

THE Russian Council of Workmen and Soldiers has formulated and fulminated fifteen peace terms. It is a fantastic farrago of impossibilism. In effect all the nations are to pay the damages of the war that was started by Germany by way of Austria-Hungary. They are to recompense and restore Belgium, Serbia and northern France. Then they are to give back to Germany the colonies she has lost in the war. All the other proposals have more or less reason—chiefly less. The chief thing objectionable about the programme is that it lets Germany go scot free after starting the slaughter. That a Russian delegate to the conference of the Allies in Paris is asked to present this plan is almost comical. Fortunately the programme is not backed by the Russian provisional government. The Council of Workmen and Soldiers is not such a factor in the government as it was in the early days of the revolution.

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The British Navy Acts

IT is fairly good news that the British navy got into action in the neighborhood of the Gulf of Riga and enabled the greater part of the Russian fleet to escape from the trap in which they had been otherwise fairly caught by the occupation of Oesel and other islands. A good many of us were beginning to believe, on however meager information, that the British navy was overdoing the policy of caution. We are not at fault in this because many people of some intelligence in Britain believe it. The charge is made over there that more naval aggressiveness would have checked the submarine warfare long ago. Now that the American navy has come into action, the old British methods of Blake and Drake should be revived. There is cheer in the story that the British are getting into the Baltic with their submarines. Maybe soon they will be going in after that German navy that hides in the Kiel canal—going in at least far enough to tempt that navy out.

❖❖

Northcliffe

LORD NORTHCLIFFE is with us to-day. He is England's first "yellow journalist." But for all that he has served his country well. But for him the British army might have been stupidly led to defeat by French and overwhelmed by shell-fire which Kitchener would not try to surpass. But for Northcliffe the British achievement in munition-making might never have come to pass. But for Northcliffe, Lloyd-George might never have risen to power to speed

up the whole British nation. Northcliffe almost took his life in his hand when he began exposing British naval and military stupidity. There might have been more and worse Gallipoli and Mesopotamian campaigns. Northcliffe it was who ridded Great Britain of lawyer-government that held fast by ancient precedent. There is no denying his courage or his patriotism, although two years ago his effigy was being burned in the streets of British cities. Just now he is telling this country how best it can help his country and the cause of civilization, telling us how, by showing us his country's mistakes in the beginning of the war. And while we are listening to him gladly, the censorship is clamped down upon our own papers. Lord Northcliffe's distinction and popularity are due to performances in journalism that constitute an irrefutable argument for freedom of press and speech.

❖❖

Grafting Profiteers

TEN million pounds of sugar were found hidden in Buffalo. The profiteers are not going to conform to the provisions of the food control bill until some of their number, caught in such deeds as this one disclosed at Buffalo, are visited with the extreme limit of punishment. A dozen or so of these profiteers should be sent to the penitentiary. Then we should see a lot of the prevalent high prices come tumbling down. Seeking out such men is as important as uncovering German spies. And the secret service might get busy too at the task of discovering what influences, elements or ambushed coteries are working for bad conditions in the stock market. The American grafter is on the job, war or no war. That there is a big shortage of many things may be admitted, but that there is any such shortage as justifies by itself the high cost of living in this country is utterly untrue. After the second liberty loan is subscribed, the country should unite in a general campaign against the profiteers. Not only is sugar "held out," but coal is hidden away. There is a lot of wheat and flour secreted. All concealed food material and other necessities should be brought to light.

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Phases of Battle

BRITISH and French reinforcements are reported as going in vast numbers to the support of the Italian offensive against the Austrians. The Italian fighting during the past two or three months in particular has been splendidly effective. So much so that there are authentic reports of heavy German concentration against the armies of the modest but markedly successful General Cadorna. There was a chance, it seemed, to smash the Austrians in July, and the Italians said they could do it with some help, which apparently was not immediately forthcoming. Now British and French troops and heavy guns are pouring in on Cadorna's army. They may be somewhat late, but it is no secret that recently there has been a strong drift of military opinion to the theory that Italy, well supported, may contribute more to the final victory of the Allies over the Central Empires than could have been imagined a year or more ago. Italy got into the war none too gracefully. Some of the best military experts think she will come out of the war gloriously, a minor savior of the allied cause.

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Intrinsic Values

THINGS are not going to pieces because of slumps in securities. Such slumps were expected when the government got into the market bidding for money on absolute security. The bonds are the only sure good thing in the market. But the decline in securities will not, at least should not, grievously affect those of the big financial institutions. They are as good now as they were six months ago. Their actual yield is not diminished. And it is not the capital that is being taxed or that is going into bonds. We are being shown in regard to such matters another phase of war-born paternalism, and it is a good phase too. The Controller of the Currency tells the national banks that they may ignore the

present excited quotations upon bond investments and reckon them upon their "intrinsic worth." Upon such official hint I doubt not banks will deal similarly with other securities put up as collateral for loans. This policy must tend to check wild speculation and to steady values. Undoubtedly the effect of the bond issues is better than any other method of raising money would be, because they take savings and there is no conscription of capital. The bond issues may take money that would go into other securities but they do not hurt the intrinsic values of securities that have any intrinsic value. The country is not going broke. The government is guarding against wholesale depreciation.

♦♦

Russia Firming Up

ONE thing certain about Russia is that she will not make a separate peace with Germany. That is what Kerensky says, and the Kerensky idea grows stronger in Russia all the time. That the forces of common sense are getting together for a government that shall throw overboard the non-resistants and the chaotic-minded elements like unto our own I. W. Ws., is a fact not to be escaped. German prowess in the Finnish waters does not seem to promise much gain. Kerensky gets ready to move from menaced Petrograd to Moscow. And it's a long way to Moscow for the Germans, while the flight of the Russian government from Petrograd may pull the Russian people together to give effective resistance to the enemy. The Germans will need a large army if they go far into Russia. There is no place from which to get it but the western front, and it cannot be spared, especially if there is need also to mass troops against the Italians. Russia may be in a very bad way, but she is keeping Germany busy at getting little military profit beyond stimulating the spirits of the German folks at home over small victories. Russia is all right, provided the Germans cannot put a new czar in power to make a German peace, and that does not seem probable or even possible now.

♦♦

THE Hohenzollerns have to be licked. Negotiated peace is out of the question. Why? Because if the Hohenzollerns give up Belgium and occupied France and Alsace-Lorraine, what can they show the German people as a gain from the war? Nothing. Such a surrender would surely cause the German people to kick the Hohenzollerns out. Therefore the Hohenzollerns will fight to save themselves. They will stand better, defeated, representing a lost cause, with their people, than in any other position save that of conquerors. The crux of the situation therefore is the Allies' demand for restoration of Belgium and France and Alsace-Lorraine. If the Kaiser accedes to that demand he might as well abdicate. The hope of the world is that the German people may be made to see the justice of the demand and to grant it, too, overruling and if need be, overthrowing the Kaiser. It's a slim hope.

♦♦

A Looming Labor Issue

ACCORDING to a letter from Milwaukee, the street car company there is going to put on women conductors. With the draft in process, if we are going to call out two million men, there will be no escaping a general employment of women in positions heretofore held by men. The supply of workers is short. Even now we are told that the farmers in the army must be sent back to the fields and many workers in khaki are more needed in the shops. This is exactly as it was in England and France. It is critical enough here to cause a general revision of the whole method of the draft. If the war goes on for another year we shall see such a swarming of women in employments hitherto the specialties of males, as must cause vast social dislocation. With many aspects of that we need not now concern ourselves. The first thing that suggests itself is that the putting of women in men's places will cause trouble with organized labor. In England they call this employment of women "dilution." It is of course a big move for the open shop. Will organized labor stand for it? It

did in England, by an agreement with the government. That agreement contained one important provision however, and that was that it was only for the duration of the war. The war's end means a return to all the former closed shop, union conditions of employment. The prospect of the recourse to women workers to fill men's places serves only to make plain the necessity of an agreement between responsible government authority and responsible representatives of union labor whereby all possible friction will be avoided. The necessary work behind the armies means that women must be drafted for industry. They will fight in that way. And if they fight, the last argument against their voting is demolished. Women are going to force government and unionism into a treaty which, if rightly framed, should bring about conditions after the war more favorable to industrial peace than any we have ever known. We are on our way to a recognition of organized labor that makes the passage of the eight-hour law last year a mere trifle.

♦♦

Taxation in Missouri

GOVERNOR GARDNER is going to call a special session of the Missouri legislature to have laws passed facilitating the work of bringing our tax system into some accord with common sense. The tax commission appointed by the governor is going directly at the work of assessing property everywhere at its actual cash value. No more will county tax assessors be permitted to accept any old return from the property owner as being the taxable value of record. Every return is received subject to official tax revision. Assessors who are too perniciously devoted to low assessments are to be brought to time by having their pay stopped. Assuming that the taxation of property at its actual cash value is in general operation throughout the state, the governor sees that the state should reduce the tax levy. This is good logic enough, for those who do not understand the true principles of taxation. It is good politics too, as a sop to the taxpayer, especially the honest farmer. If Governor Gardner were wise to the truth of taxation he would see that the system in general operation is unjust in that it burdens production more than privilege. The governor should see that the thing to do is to tax those who get, not those who give. The way to ideal taxation is by exemption of what the individual produces, and shifting the burden to the values the community produces. All those latter values should be taken. However, the governor and others will learn the true doctrine by the discussion that must arise over his legislative proposals. He is concerned immediately only to pull the state out of a hole. We cannot reasonably expect him to seek perfection in taxation at once. He must ask for what he can get. And we must remember that the best way to get the ideal tax into operation is to enforce the imperfect tax laws. The governor is doing this. Only incurable fanatics will demand that he do more. For, after all, he cannot go faster nor farther than the people will go with him. Before long everyone will see that the ideal tax system is one single tax instead of many, and that tax falling on those who pocket what belongs to all.

♦♦

Mrs. Boogher's Playlet

ELSEWHERE in this issue the reader will find "That Affair at the Marne," the one-act play awarded third prize in the contest for the best work in that form by the St. Louis Art League. The author, Mrs. Susan Meriwether Boogher, has achieved a splendid effect, against difficulties. The big thing, you would say at first, has happened before the play begins, but no. The denouement is a bigger thing. There was danger that theme would overshadow and overwhelm character. Again, no. "Character is destiny" in this playlet—destiny for *Von Kluck*, for the *Crown Prince*, for Germany, for the world. Fact is glamourised with imagination in the general conception. There is action in the situation, which passes through several changes of atmosphere and mood. The dia-

logue is terse and tense, indicative of emotional stress in the contrasted and conflicting personalities. The characters are self-projected rather than merely self-descriptive. Altogether, I think "That Affair at the Marne" is a play with literary and dramatic value above and aside from the adventitious appeal of timeliness in the subject. If anyone is curious about why I print the play that got the third prize rather than those that won the first and second, I can only say I do so because I like the play for its texture of fabric and for its intense dynamic that discharges in a high, glorious vision.

♦♦

About Big Bill

WILLIAM HALE THOMPSON, mayor of Chicago, is for the time being neglected by the vituperationists and satirists of the Chicago papers. He has been almost rehabilitated since he bade godspeed to some Illinois conscripts departing for the front, though he had gone on record as opposing the sending of our troops out of the country. Mrs. Thompson has gone into Red Cross and other patriotic works. Meanwhile the mayor is a candidate for United States senator, with an eye on the German vote. He's not so weak a candidate either. For he has done some things that have made him many friends other than the German sentimentalists. The prohibitionists like him because though he promised he would not put the lid on Chicago if elected, he did shut down the booze-sellers on Sunday and he did it the very first thing after his installation. Another thing he did that makes votes for him, was his forcing the street railway company of Chicago to concede the demands of their striking employees. In Chicago the best-posted men will tell you that the most intense dislike of Thompson is found among the plutocrats of the Loop. And you will hear, too, that in the big city there is a tendency among the people to look kindly upon any man who earns the enmity of the Chicago papers. There is undoubtedly some truth in all this, but Mayor Thompson is hardly senatorial timber. He has been bungling in his methods. I heard him make a damphool political speech here at the National Security League banquet, denouncing President Wilson, when the occasion called supremely for political neutrality. Newspaper criticism has goaded him to extreme courses of opposition to newspaper urgings. But that is of the past. What I want to bring to attention is the silence that has come upon the Chicago press with regard to "Big Bill." Somewhat cynical people are curious about it. They want to know what kind of a deal has been made between the mayor and the business, political and journalistic syndicate that has its center in the Loop.

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Concerning Atrocities

It was a dandy, dainty little captain in the French army who was telling us the other evening at a party about his experiences at the Marne, on the Somme, at Verdun. His left eye had been shot out and his jaw had been re-made by the surgeons from a piece of one of his ribs. He wore four little stripes on his left arm, one for each wound. He's over here teaching our boys the technique of trench warfare. I noted that all the evening he never once used the word *boches* for his country's enemies. He spoke of them always as Germans. And once a pretty girl, speaking over the shoulder of a poet, said, "Captain, what about the atrocities?" He smiled and bowed and said, "Mademoiselle, war is the atrocity—it is enough." The incident carries a lesson. I leave the reader to discover and apply it.

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The Copperheads

IN Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and some other states the promoters of the campaign for subscriptions to the liberty bonds have discovered a well-knit opposition to any such action. From numerous towns come letters from mayors, in Sam Bernard dialect, giving flimsy excuses for inability to help the campaign. From some places comes news that people who have been active for the bonds are being threat-

ened with social and business boycott. There is evidently a well-organized movement to impede the loan, and it is a movement that seems to be tied up with the organization of the German Lutheran sect in the states designated. From rural parts of those states nothing is heard but the reiterated assertion that the country folks of German antecedents are going to vote the Socialist ticket. The politicians Democratic and Republican are in a more or less poorly concealed panic over the prospect. Even in Chicago, well-informed people think the socialists will elect a couple of judges out of the large batch to be chosen, and that they would elect more if they had put up better judicial material, and this in spite of the fact that Democrats and Republicans united on a bi-partisan ticket to assure a shutting out of the socialists.

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Mitchel's Back to the Wall

As the New York mayoralty campaign draws to a close, all decent Americans reading or hearing of its details must profoundly wish and fervently hope that the country will be spared the humiliation of the election of the Tammany candidate, Hylan. The New York *World's* revelations of that man's character would seem to indicate that he is a poor specimen of the cunning shyster, bringing "strike" suits against business men and dealing double with his own corporation associates. The *World* seems to have the documents on Hylan, though he avers that he is the victim of wicked partners who used his name without his consent. Such a man is not fit to compare for a moment with John Purroy Mitchel. He represents Tammany at its most foetid meanest. Morris Hillquit, the socialist candidate, is infinitely to be preferred for mayor, over Hylan. Hillquit is a gentleman and a scholar and barring his peace views, which are an accident rather than an essential of the campaign, a person who would give New York a good, clean, enlightened administration. The name socialist will scare off many who would vote for him otherwise, and his pacifism, considered synonymous with disloyalty, likewise antagonizes people. Mayor Mitchel is being run as a loyalist. He is fought as the rich man's candidate, as the friend of the spoilers of the city, as the debaucher of the schools to the purposes of vocational training insidiously hostile to union labor, as a tango dancer and cabaret fan, as one who rejoices that one of the Vanderbilts once called him John, as a renegade from his grandfather John Mitchel's hatred of England, as an enemy of Catholicism. All the vials of abuse are heaped upon him. Yet most of the New Yorkers one really respects are for him. The Republican candidate, Mr. Bennett, is simply running to draw what votes he can from support of the Fusion movement for Mitchel. One hopes that Hylan won't win, but one remembers that New York has had mayors not a whit better than Hylan. He is the strongest man in the matter of having organized looters behind him. He will get a big vote. Hillquit, Bennett, the prohibitionist candidate, will draw votes from Mitchel. The hope of the country at large is that patriotism is strong enough in New York to pull Mitchel through over all his opponents. The field is against him. He has made a good mayor, if not so progressive as most of us might wish. As for the aspersions on his personal and official integrity, they are simply absurd. He should win if right is right, but if another has to win, send that it be Hillquit and not Hylan.

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The Dwelling Place of Light

"THE DWELLING PLACE OF LIGHT," Winston Churchill's new novel (Macmillan, New York), is cast in a dark and turgid spot, none other than a New England mill town, all of whose inhabitants are motivated by discontent. This discontent is the natural outgrowth of conditions to be found in any large industrial center in America. The author presents a concrete example in the *Bumpus* family, American for many generations back, which has deteriorated to the social and economic status of immigrants. The father is the exception. He patiently

performs his menial task as gatekeeper at the mill; he meekly bears his wife's nagging. He has no ambition for himself but is calmly sure that blood will tell and that fate will place his daughters in the high sphere where the *Bumpuses* belong. In the meantime he finds quiet happiness in tracing his genealogy and writing innumerable letters to cousins of the *nth* degree. *Hannah Bumpus*, the mother, hasn't the remotest similitude of pleasure in her lot, nor does she expect any, but she nags and scolds nevertheless. Her wants could be satisfied by a return to the social plane symbolized by the keeping of a housemaid; instead she does her own work and cooks on a stove that finally falls to pieces. They have two daughters in whom discontent seethes and over whom neither parent asserts the least authority. One is a store clerk, the other a stenographer; both abhor the daily grind and the *Bumpus* mode of living. *Lise*, the younger, has no pride of family and none of the generally accepted New England traits of character. She craves bodily comforts—clothes, dances, dinners, automobiles—and takes them from any chauffeur or clerk or salesman who may offer them. *Janet* is of a much finer mould and her desires are for the things connoted in the term refinement. At the mill she attracts the attention of the manager, *Claude Ditmar*, who makes her his private secretary. In this position her work is more to her liking. She becomes fascinated by the huge force of the mill as an entity and with *Ditmar* as its creator. This fascination leads to her "ruin" and viewing her own condition as being parallel with that of her sister, whose low standards and frivolity she has always despised, *Janet* turns upon *Ditmar*, hates him, wants to kill him. The mill workers are striking at this time. *Janet's* spirit revolts and she joins the labor organization in active work against the tyranny of established industry, typified in the mill. The strikers win—what, Mr. Churchill fails to tell us—but prior to that time *Janet* is taken by some wealthy people with charitable hearts into a sort of intellectual colony—apparently "the dwelling place of light"—and later, secreted in the mountain home of one of them, dies in childbirth. All in all it's a sordid tale and the goody-good conclusion is exasperating drivel. If Mr. Churchill had refrained from indicating "the dwelling place of light" and instead had told us more of the ultimate results of the strike, how it affected, say, *Edward* and *Hannah Bumpus*, he would have thrown more light upon the industrial conditions in which he is evidently so interested. Mr. Churchill is evidently sincere, but he doesn't appreciate other things in life so much as he does the genteel tradition, upon which the social and economic unrest obtrudes as uncomfortable. The faded and fallen fortunes of the *Bumpuses* are tragic to him, as they could be only to one setting great store by them, and the fine girl *Janet* becomes a socialist without even faintly understanding the general principles of the party; she is driven by her own wrongs. "The Dwelling Place of Light" had been a finer novel had Mr. Churchill a little more intuitive sympathy for *hoi polloi*. And he sees no cure for conditions that evolve misery and tragedy.

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Knights Errant

By S. M. M.

DEATH is no foe—man—we were born together.
He dwells between the places of my breath;
Night-vigil at my heart he keeps and whether
I sleep or no, he never slumbereth.
Though I do fear thee, Knight of Sable Feather,
Thou wilt not slay me, Death!

But one rides forth, accoutred all in wonder.

I know thee, Life, God's errant that thou art,
Who comes to make of me celestial plunder,

To wound me with thy love's immortal smart!
Life, thou wilt rend this flesh and soul asunder;
Love, thou wilt break my heart!

From *The Catholic World*.

That Affair at the Marne

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

By Susan N. Boogher

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The glory of victory . . . was to be given to the Crown Prince. . . . The German plan was to pierce the French lines at three places. At Meaux, at Bar-le-Duc and at Nancy. Von Kluck, at Meaux would cut off the Fifth and Ninth armies from their communication with their base at Paris, the Bavarian Crown Prince would weaken General Sarrail's defense in the rear . . . and thus the stage would be set for the great onrush of the Imperial Crown Prince, who with an almost fresh army . . . should be able to crush the weak point in France's defense. Such a victory was designed to shed an especial luster upon the Crown Prince and thus upon the Hohenzollern dynasty. A prestige much needed, for the delays in the advance of the Crown Prince's army had already given rise to mutterings of discontent.

THE GREAT WAR (P. F. Collier & Son)

It is also said, but for Von Kluck's inexplicable manoeuvre in turning to the southeast on September 4th, instead of immediately attacking Paris, the victory of the Marne could never have been won, the capital would have fallen and the war soon afterward have come to a disastrous end. . . .

(Scribner's Magazine, October, 1915)

CAPTAIN X, of the French Staff

From the position of foremost general entrusted with the honor of leading the very forefront of the advance on Paris, Von Kluck became a commander of no importance in an uncontested portion of the trenches.

THE GREAT WAR (P. F. Collier & Son)

* * *

CHARACTERS

GENERAL VON KLUCK.

COLONEL RUPPIN (Aides-de-camp to GENERAL

COLONEL VOGT (" VON KLUCK.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.

A SERGEANT.

TIME: *The hour preceding the dawn of September 6th, 1914.*

SCENE: *Von Kluck's Temporary Headquarters on the Marne.*

VON KLUCK is discovered studying intently at a littered table upon which burns a student lamp. Ominous shadows are thrown upon the back wall with every movement of VON KLUCK, who is the genial, lovable German you and I know. He pauses occasionally and looks up, a tragic chagrin in his eyes. Doubtless it is the chagrin of a man defeated on the eve of victory. For this is he who led the Germans to the gates of Paris; this is he who then retreated. Throughout the play a monotonous tramp as of marching men accompanies the action. The door at center back opens, revealing a sergeant at attention. He salutes, and wheels to allow COLONEL RUPPIN to enter. COLONEL RUPPIN is a young blond giant, essentially German. He never mixes his emotions, he takes life straight. Just now he is tremendously wrought up by something he unsuccessfully endeavors to conceal from his general; he enters precipitously, and saluting, jerks up suddenly near the GENERAL's table. VON KLUCK continues to stare before him.

COLONEL (in a whisper): The Crown Prince has reached headquarters, General!

(VON KLUCK's hand and arm upon the table move with the slightest suggestion of a shrug.)

COLONEL: When he has refreshed himself, he will join you here.

GENERAL (continuing to stare before him . . . ironically): When he has refreshed himself! Good! (Without turning his head, his eyes seek the Colonel's. The two men gaze at each other significantly.)

COLONEL (after a pause, explosively): The retreat, General!

GENERAL (staring before him again, tersely): Yes! The retreat . . . how goes the retreat, Colonel?

COLONEL (tensely): It goes well, General. The

troops are fit after their two days' rest. (*Hesitates.*) But the men keep asking why it is we retreat. Why it is we turn away from Paris.

GENERAL (*staring before him*): Continue to have them told the enemy in great strength lies between the Marne and Paris. (*Rises and faces the Colonel. It is his first move. The two men stare at each other in silence. The Colonel salutes and is on the point of withdrawing when VON KLUCK gathers up some papers and approaches him.*) Have these dispatches sent to General Von Bulow. (*Speaks with gruff affection.*) You are fatigued, my son!

COLONEL: It is not the fatigue, General! (*His voice breaks.*)

GENERAL (*his hand on the Colonel's shoulder*): Ah, you say well! It is not the fatigue. . . . (*After a moment he remembers to give the papers to the colonel, who buttons them into an inner pocket. Another pause during which the two men's eyes are locked.*)

COLONEL (*with solemn daring, indicating the tramping footsteps*): General, remember we are in your hands! Remember we need you, General! (*Salutes and dashes from the room.*)

(VON KLUCK stands in center of the stage, intense and tragic, a deep resolve grown in his eyes. At last, almost buoyantly, he strides to his table, and seating himself begins again with his maps and papers. He writes several dispatches quickly, and is folding and sealing them into packets when the door opens from without, revealing the sergeant at attention. Footsteps and clanking sword are heard approaching.)

SERGEANT (*saluting*): His Imperial Highness, the Crown, Prince General!

(*The Crown Prince pauses a moment in the entrance, his hand at the salute. He is every inch a prince: a dissolute prince. Now, as throughout the play, he is the tragic exemplification of a man born to be ruled who is born to rule. His bearing is consistently timid and aggressive. He seeks commands, and yet seeks to command. He is really pathetic; kings and princes too are victims of the system. At his appearance VON KLUCK springs to his feet and stands rigid by his table at salute. The Prince endeavors to hide chagrin beneath a dominating manner. He enters. The two men face each other in silence. The door closes. The prince obviously wishes VON KLUCK to take the lead. VON KLUCK as obviously declines to do so. The silence grows painful to the prince; he throws dignity to the winds.*)

PRINCE: General! What does this mean? (*Indicating tramping footsteps.*) The moment I got word of your retreat I motored here like mad from Triaucourt. My God, you can't retreat!

GENERAL (*stomily*): I can retreat, your highness.

PRINCE (*passionately*): Do you realize what you're doing? . . . Do you relinquish Paris?

GENERAL (*stomily*): It is not I who relinquishes Paris, your highness.

PRINCE (*densely*): But wait here a day. I swear I can come up in a day. I swear it! (*Has completely forgotten his superior rank in his agitation.*)

GENERAL (*Adamant*): I waited a day, your highness. I waited two days. You have not come. (*Points east.*) There your armies lie, beyond Chalons-sur-Marne, two days' march still. (*Points in opposite direction.*) And there where I waited you, the English and the French are in conjunction. (*Breaks off suddenly.*)

PRINCE (*nervously*): But it is absolutely necessary to take Paris. . . . We are lost if we don't take Paris.

GENERAL: Yes, your highness.

PRINCE (*imagines he has pierced VON KLUCK's decision. Relaxes from his tension. Draws off gloves and generally settles himself as though his difficulties were over. Drops chattily into a chair*): My God, but you frightened me! Let's plan this thing now. If I can come up by day after to-morrow and join you, say here, it's a matter of hours only before, with your support, I shall march victorious into Paris! Before I shall dictate in the gardens of the Tuileries our terms of peace to Europe!

GENERAL (*stony and rigid*): If your highness can

come up by day after to-morrow, your highness will not join me, say here. For I shall not be here.

PRINCE (*stupidly*): But you must be here to support me. I can't take Paris without your support. Order the retreat stopped! (*Involuntarily pauses to listen to the tramp of marching men.*)

GENERAL (*listens with the prince. At length the prince's eyes seek VON KLUCK's furtively. He has become an abject figure, sitting forward in his chair, hands between his knees. His glance beseeches VON KLUCK. VON KLUCK, pointing to map*): Your highness knows the Imperial order. Why repeat it? I reached the Marne victorious Thursday night. Friday morning you were to join me. You did not. All day I awaited you. Nothing lay between me and Paris. Not an army, not a gun. Nothing but the order from above that Paris was to fall to you. . . . I waited Friday. I waited Saturday. . . . Gallieni, expecting me in Paris, sent out scouts to find Von Kluck; to see what had become of the German armies. . . . *Gott in Himmel!* Frenchmen tell their general Von Kluck turns back from victory!

PRINCE (*frantically*): Countermand the retreat! Don't you understand to lose Paris is to lose the war? Don't you understand that Germany and the German cause are at stake?

GENERAL (*stomily*): Didn't your highness understand?

PRINCE (*in a frenzy at his inability to shake VON KLUCK*): I swear I thought you could hold without me a day or two—

GENERAL (*interrupting*): You were not to think. The General Staff had done your thinking. You had orders to obey. Orders to meet me at the Marne.

PRINCE (*abjectly*): I swear I thought a slight delay was immaterial.

GENERAL: And I repeat. It was not for you to think.

PRINCE (*miserably*): Something must be done. (*Repeats.*) To lose Paris is to lose the war.

GENERAL: Yes. To lose Paris is to lose the war.

PRINCE (*vaguely realizing*): God, General! How can you stop here while victory escapes us?

GENERAL: How could you stop there while victory escaped you? (*Passionately at last.*) Don't answer me, because I know. (*Disgusted and furious.*) A woman held you!

PRINCE (*makes ineffectual denials*): I swear.

GENERAL (*coldly furious*): Don't deny it. I know everything. . . . even her name. You stopped at the outer gates of Paris, you sacrificed the campaign German brains have been perfecting forty years, you threw away the German cause, you brought defeat upon the German arms—for an intrigue. . . . for a woman! A French woman!

PRINCE (*springs to his feet, infuriated*): You dare to insinuate she is a spy? You dare to hint she was planted there to hold me? (*Fury possesses him; not so much for the significance of his conduct as chagrin that his amour was a ruse.*)

GENERAL: You think I waited Friday at the gates of Paris and asked not the reason of your delay? You think I waited Saturday and found not the cause of your absence? She is a spy. . . . She was set to trap you.

PRINCE (*murderous with fury*): My God, you drive me mad! Tell me you lie, man; tell me you lie! I shall kill her. Choke her by her throat. Her beautiful throat. . . . (*An insanity of rage consumes him.*)

GENERAL (*icily*): It was a fair fight. I congratulate the French. . . . To fight the devil with fire is to win.

PRINCE (*makes furious preparations to go*): She shall not escape me! Send orders to detain her. (*Is on the point of quitting VON KLUCK.*)

GENERAL: Such haste on other occasions would become you. (*The icy decisiveness of his voice arrests the Prince's precipitous departure.*) And before we pass to graver matters, Mademoiselle Le Moine of Strassburg, alias the Fraülein Grenerdt, is now safe in the French lines. She was passed through our armies by the blank permit you issued

her on Wednesday night so that she might join you any time and anywhere within the German lines.

PRINCE: She-devil! (*Collapses into his chair again.*)

GENERAL: So dismiss her and her beautiful throat for the present. And endeavor, if possible, to give me your attention. The matter is, as you suggest, serious. Retreat and defeat are usually so. This retreat, this defeat are particularly so. Serious and significant. . . . My orders, as you know, were on no account to take Paris. On no account to advance nearer to Paris than the Marne—

PRINCE (*rudely*): Have I got to go through this again?

GENERAL (*ignoring him*): Your orders, as you know, were to meet me at the Marne, to advance alone, and to capture Paris. . . . Two days I have waited at the Marne, and still you have not joined me. Two days I remained inactive while Joffre manoeuvred; while Joffre created an army which he moved out of Paris in taxicabs—taxicabs, marks you! —to flank Maunoury upon my right; while Joffre brought up the British under General French to hold my center; and d'Esperey to menace me upon the left. To-day, Sunday, Maunoury, French and d'Esperey face me before Paris. . . . I repeat. My orders—

PRINCE (*impatiently*): *Gott in Himmel!*

GENERAL (*ignoring him*): My orders were to halt upon the Marne, to cover your entry into Paris. . . . You have not entered Paris. Therefore I shall proceed according to the plan ordered by the General Staff in case of failure. (*Indicating map.*) I shall retreat beyond the Aisne, and here entrench. . . . You may do with your armies as you see fit.

PRINCE (*appalled*): You are mad, General! You know the weakness of the French armies; you know they won't hold two days against us! We can pound them to pieces. You and I.

GENERAL: You can pound them to pieces.

PRINCE (*pulverized*): This is too appalling. I dare not retreat. . . . What can I say? What can I tell them in Berlin?

GENERAL (*witheringly*): Tell them what you please. Say she was charming. . . . Say her throat was beautiful.

PRINCE (*goaded to frenzy*): Remember, it is Frederick Wilhelm, Crown Prince of Germany, you address! What do you think would happen if I told this on you in Berlin?

GENERAL: And what do you think would happen if I told this on you in Berlin? (*Indicates the tramping footsteps with a despairing gesture.*) This marching up to Paris, and marching down again? This finish to our desperate military expedient of invading Belgium and infuriating the world? This fiasco that makes Imperial German arms absurd?

PRINCE (*white with fury*): I shall have you dismissed from our service for this!

GENERAL: Never! I dismiss myself from your service! Here and now.

PRINCE (*stupidly*): What? You won't leave me?

GENERAL: Yes. . . . Oh, don't imagine I shall desert my men, lengthened out here to the Marne. I shall conduct them in retreat, as I have told you, and entrench beyond the Aisne. . . . Then I leave your service. Yours, and your Imperial father's.

PRINCE: What on earth possesses you, General?

GENERAL: Do you imagine while I waited here upon the Marne I did no thinking? Do you imagine two such days at such a time for such a reason made no change in me? (*Passionately.*) I who have devoted my life to your family? I who was yours to command to the death?

PRINCE: Don't you realize this is treason?

GENERAL: So be it! I am a changed man. I shall no longer wear your livery. I shall no longer fight your fight. I am done with princes and with kings.

PRINCE (*fretfully*): You talk like a socialist, General! . . . You are overwrought at my delay. It was stupid, I am sorry. Really. (*Seeks to make peace with VON KLUCK.*) Let us both agree to forget

this affair at the Marne. (*Shrewdly.*) If you will forget my part in it I shall forget yours.

GENERAL (*laughs terribly*): Do you imagine I can forget this affair at the Marne? I who fought the "scrap of paper" policy? I who protested against the invasion of Belgium? I who warned the Kaiser to strike at France unjustly was to strike the world? . . . The English have a phrase, "Hoist with his own petard"—

PRINCE (*groping*): "Hoist with his own petard?" What do you mean? And I warn you right now, General, before you left Berlin there were rumors against you. Von Moltke was saying you talk too much. And I know for a fact, if you hadn't been the cleverest strategist in Germany, you would never have been given this command. (*Is convinced he has closed the discussion.*)

GENERAL (*almost amused*): Some day in the future, when you have no military responsibilities, when you have no responsibilities of any sort, I shall be happy to elucidate the phrase, "Hoist with his own petard." . . . But perhaps then your experience will have taught you its meaning.

PRINCE (*frankly puzzled*): What are you talking about? Explain now!

GENERAL (*relents*): Very well! When the General Staff, from its office in Berlin, directed my minutest movement in Belgium, and refused me discretion to reckon with the Belgians; when it planned for every eventuality in the French campaign, and refused me discretion to reckon with unforeseen eventualities; when it apportioned the fruits of my victory to you, and refused me discretion to reckon with you, the General Staff of the Imperial German Army was accomplishing its own destruction, it was hoisting itself with its own petard. . . . By the Imperial General Staff's own order, I am frustrating the objective of the Belgian and the French campaigns. By the Imperial General Staff's own order, I am beginning the retreat that means defeat for German arms. By the Imperial General Staff's own order, I am wrecking the deep-laid plans of German Imperialists, I am doing that which will destroy German Imperialism.

PRINCE (*nervously*): God, General, let's not talk politics now! How are we to get out of this? How am I to get out of this?

GENERAL (*shrugging*): You may tell some plausible story; the French out-manoeuvred Von Kluck; Von Kluck got too far from his base of supplies; Von Kluck feared to lengthen his lines further.

PRINCE (*seizes upon these crumbs of comfort*): That's true! Every word is true!

GENERAL (*continuing*): You may forget, or try to forget, this affair at the Marne. But I shall not. And Germany shall not. . . . Such affairs are difficult to forget. . . . The German people will learn of this, and they will remember this. They will remember Belgium. They will remember many things you may forget, or try to forget.

PRINCE (*with an attempt at bravado*): The German people will never learn anything about this affair!

GENERAL: The German people will learn everything about this affair!

PRINCE (*sullenly*): The German people will learn what is good for them to learn!

GENERAL (*prophetically*): Yes! The German people will learn what is good for them to learn! And you will learn a bad beginning presages a bad end, you Hohenzollerns! . . . The German people will learn, as I have learned, that you exploit and betray them, you Hohenzollerns. . . . The German people will learn, as I have learned, you are the rotten link than which the Fatherland is no stronger. And when they have learned that, the German people will rise up and destroy you. . . . You Hohenzollerns! (*Stands transfixed, hands upraised. Huddled in his chair beneath VON KLUCK's upstanding figure, the CROWN PRINCE stares with him, abject and hypnotized, into the future.*)

SERGEANT (*opens door and stands at salute, limned against the flushing sky. . . . A far booming of guns begins*): The dawn breaks, General!

GENERAL (*suddenly alert. Listens to the booming*

guns. . . . Gathers up papers, signs one hurriedly; makes up several packets and sweeps his desk clear of the litter. As he turns to give an order he sees and remembers the dazed CROWN PRINCE, over whose head he speaks to the SERGEANT): Order the Prince's motor, Sergeant. He will return whence he came. (*This being disposed of, he comes to matters of importance. (Tersely.)* Direct Colonel Rupp and Colonel Vogt to report here immediately. Get me General Von Bulow on the telephone. Order the engine of my motor started.

SERGEANT: Very good, General. (*He withdraws.*)

GENERAL (*gets into his overcoat. Gathers up dispatches. The bombardment grows louder. He pauses, drawing on his gloves and stares before him, listening to more than guns. . . . The door opens to admit COLONELS RUPPIN and VOGT, and simultaneously the engine of an automobile begins to sing. VON KLUCK salutes his saluting aides, and speaks. Triumph and tragedy are in his voice*): Gentlemen! The French give us battle on the Marne! (*The CROWN PRINCE struggles to his feet, ineffectively, as the curtain falls.*)

[CURTAIN]

♦♦♦♦

Votes for Women

By Alice Edgerton

I FELT like a hybrid book agent and evangelist, the evangelist rather recessive, when I set forth to the shouting, vending holiday of the county fair. It was a reputable enough business I was engaged in: securing the signatures of women to a simple blank affirming the belief of the undersigned that the women of New York should be given the vote. But it was some minutes before I assailed the least opposed-looking woman I could find. She was very neat and seemed very mild; and I was quite unprepared for the blast she turned upon me. It was something about Bad Women that go around between husbands and wives; and I was ready to retreat forthwith, when I disentangled from the maze the idea that she thought suffrage would improve this sad state of things. "Yessir, I do," she snapped; "if women had the vote they'd run out these bad women makin' trouble between husbands and wives, yes they would. I know 'em; I've had trouble enough with 'em. My husband and me, we know these bad women. . . ."

"Perhaps you'd like to sign this petition for suffrage, then," I interposed presently.

"No, I can't. I ain't got my glasses to-day. But I know if the women had the vote they wouldn't be these bad women. Mrs. Lola Weltman, 620 J street, Pittsburgh, P-a., she's the woman that parted us. . . ." And presently she screwed her face into a dozen puckers, and holding the paper at arm's length, blindly wrote her "Mrs. Lou Perkins" across the first line of the petition; and went off rumbling.

I was sorry that I had stirred up this hornet's nest in Mrs. Perkins' peaceful holiday soul; and I had to brace my courage anew before I approached my second friend. This was a poorly-dressed young woman with a jaded canvas hat drooping over her rather vacant face. She carried a mountainous baby on her hip, and seemed lost in the hubbub. She said she didn't know nothing about suffrage; but she stood, with apparent interest, waiting for me to go on. She hadn't had no time to know nothing about anything, she said; she hadn't been married but five years and she had three babies and she couldn't get out none. And anyway, they lived a mile from the road, and they hadn't no horse, only they could walk down the ra-airroad; but now the ra-airroad wa'n't goin' to let 'em walk the track no more. She talked evenly along, in a slow, slightly puzzled voice, that rose a little quizzically at the end of each division in her level story. They never had a newspaper till this year, so how could she know about anything. But this year she got a newspaper herself, only she didn't have no chance to read it, because his sister she had trouble with her husband, he drank, and she left two of her children on her

to take care of, so she had five all under seven, and she thought maybe she'd like to vote, maybe there wouldn't be no liquor then; her man he didn't drink or smoke or nothin' but all his fam'ly did, and she wouldn't want her children to have nothin' to do with drink. She'd like it if I'd send her somethin' about this votin' so she could know something about it; she'd like to know about things; she thought she'd like to sign this paper, and then she'd got to go nurse her baby.

"No, ma'am," said the next one with a snap of her lips. "I ain't nothin' for it, and I ain't nothin' against it. I just don't ever sign my name to anything." This objection I found not uncommon. One or two succumbed to the assurance that the signature did not "let them in" for anything, but a number hugged the safe side of caution. Several very decent-looking bodies, not having a good time at all, but quite dressed up for the fair, said, with magnificent distance, that they were not interested, and sailed along, leaving poor book agent sadly unsupported by evangelist. After an experience of that sort, I approached a vast, waistless woman, with a quite-mad feather flapping from her old round hat. She was a little toothless, and entirely unconscious; out for a good time, and having it. Sure she was goin' to sign.

"Mrs. Joe Waite," she wrote, resting the pad in a deep fold of her uncharted person, by way of desk. "You goin' to sign, Tillie?" she inquired of a slimmer but equally jovial sister-in-law, with three children. Tillie was goin' to, sure, too; her husband he voted for suffrage.

"Why di'n't you sign your own name," she demanded. "Wha'd you sign Joe's name to it for? I'm goin' to sign my own name."

"My name's Viola," her sister-in-law giggled. "Takes a long time to write Viola."

Mrs. Tillie Simpson thrust a teasing forefinger in the direction of Viola's long-lost ribs: "Mebbe Joe'll be jealous if you go out votin' for other men," she chuckled.

Viola laughed vastly at this joke. "Here, ma," she called, "here's a chanct to sign for votin'."

"Yes," said a little old woman, no less hearty than her daughter, but far more comely. "I been wantin' to vote ever since I c'n remember. Pa he votes for women."

This rather put me in heart; and I accosted the nearest woman, a well-dressed person in black, with a large hat, and a veil drawn tightly about her chin, as it takes twenty minutes of peering and pulling to adjust a veil. She was standing a neat distance from the merry-go-round, watching the hoydenish antics of its horses with elegant detachment.

"No," she said, "I don't care for these suffragettes. I don't know anything about voting, it may be a good thing, but I don't care for these suffragettes. There was some of them here two years ago to the fair, and I must say they was very far from being ladies. They were decidedly fresh." Then, observing that I was conspicuously not "fresh," she added, politely, "They were from the west. Besides," she went on, "I don't care for your order; you take everybody in."

I had meant to be courteous in my assaults upon these strangers; but, thus admonished, I fairly exuded correctness. The idea was apparently a good one: at any rate, twenty-five names were added to my list in an encouragingly short time. The older women and the women with children were more eager than the gay young things. The gay young things often said "No" with a lofty toss; but by exception one very pretty girl stopped to argue. She couldn't see it was very ladylike for women to be voting; that was for men; she just didn't think it was interesting. But I could not discover what she did think interesting—save her own charming and amply talcumed self. The reasons for which women signed were many. The obvious fact that "women are as good as men any day" was frequently set forth, sometimes in the ungracious accents of protest, sometimes with dignified serenity. "A lot of women could run things better than the men do;"

"there's no reason why I shouldn't vote just as much as my man." One or two spoke concretely: "I feel like I'd like to have some say about who they hire in the school;" "I own propetty and I pay my taxes—" One or two had voted in other states, and missed the privilege. An interest in the liquor question was perhaps more prominent than any other one reason—though as one woman said sadly, "You know they's ladies drinks, too."

A comfortable farmer's wife, with a healthy twinkle in her eye, looked lingeringly at the blank. "No," she said, "no, I guess I won't to-day. No, I guess I won't." She recurred several times in the vicinity of the suffrage booth; and about noon she came sheepishly up to the tent.

"Say," she said, "I guess to-day's as good a time's any to sign that paper," and she gripped the pencil in her sturdy glove. "Say, you know my folks is sittin' out there in the auto just haw-hawin' at me," she laughed.

"Bring them too," I said, automatically, and forgot about it. But there was no shadow of turning in Mrs. Fanny Weeks. At two o'clock she reappeared with seven people in varying stages of embarrassment. "I couldn't get ma," she explained, "but I guess she'll come to-morrow when pa ain't round."

The solid husband of a thin young woman who had signed the petition in determined silence, looked at me with mingled chivalry and belligerence: "Now what I think," he said, "is that women'd ought to have the vote all right, but I'm not going to vote for it. What I think is this votin' is going to make a lot of divorces. Now if you was running for office," he ploughed along, "and I'd vote for you—like I'd like to—why then my wife she'd be jealous; and then they'd be trouble, and mebbe if I was runnin' for office. . . ."

It seemed to me that without suffrage there were smolderings of household trouble. A subdued girl, pulling a sleepy baby in a cart, signed with sober care. I had seen her several times during the day, standing with the same conscientious interest before an exhibit of canned fruit, and *The Mysterious Nora* and *Her Nine Little Ones All Alive*. She said she thought voting was important for women; she thought there'd ought to be laws for them, and more chance for a say about things. I asked her if her husband would vote for suffrage. Her face darkened, and she looked round conscientiously at the baby. She didn't know, she said, but she guessed not. "He don't think women *have* any rights, far as I can see," she said, and shut her lips on bitterness.

♦♦♦♦

Tales While You Wait

IV. THE BLACK DISC

By Addison Lewis

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S NOW everywhere—a deep blanket over the face of the earth. Enormous bolls of it, like freshly-picked cotton, nestling on the groaning branches of the spruce. A dizzy, blinding whirl of fleecy flakes in the air, obscuring the great opening in the forest not fifty feet from where Louie Marquis stood, which was Gull Lake, blotting out his trail back to the cabin where Marie must be even now boiling the mush for supper.

"R-r-rot-ton," hissed Louie. He was lost. He, the keenest woodsman in Little Smoky.

The blizzard had beaten him. The worst blizzard in twenty years. And such a good day. Over his shoulder was slung the freshly-skinned pelt of a silver fox. A verree, verree good day!

"By Gar," he murmured. He stumbled on, dragging his heavy, snowshoe-laden feet. He was dog-tired. He had been traveling in beautiful circles for two hours, and getting nowhere. He was drowsy. If he could only lie down and sleep for a while. But sleep meant—

"Tam!" he exploded at the thought, and shouldered forward desperately. Suddenly a huge, black shape loomed before him. He stopped. It was a house, a log cottage, the summer camp of people from "vay

down soud"—from Minneapolis. Cold, cheerless, and covered with snow.

By it Louie knew that he was yet a good three miles from home. He felt his way around to the door. He paused, jerked off his coon cap with its flaunting rabbit tail, scratched his head in feverish doubt. Should he try to push on to Marie and supper—or stay here until the blizzard had passed? He peered again through the blinding snow.

"I lose myself one thousand times," he spluttered.

He took off his snowshoes, drew back and launched himself heavily against the door—once—twice. It gave. It seemed even colder inside, but it was dry, and, Mother of Saints! there was wood, plenty of it, heaped up before the yawning fireplace. His taut face cracked into a smile. He banged shut the door, and braced a snowshoe against it. He built a frame of sticks for a huge fire and touched a match. In a moment the leaping flames threw their dancing light about the room.

Louie squatted on the floor and held out his stiff fingers to the fire. Then he pulled from his duffle-bag a small chunk of corn cake. He toasted this on a stick and gulped it down, sighing because he had no more. He filled and lighted his pipe, taking a leisurely survey of the room. It was almost bare of furniture, but on a table stood a suspicious-looking object covered with a cloth. Louie removed the cloth and grunted. A phonograph. He had once seen and heard one of the wonderful things at Nisswa.

He gazed down at the square mahogany object with profound respect. Reverently his long fingers traveled over its surface. They encountered the crank. Slowly and gently he turned it. No music came. He glanced into the interior. He saw a black disk marked with many concentric circles. Louie's sensitive fingers felt cautiously about. Something gave at their pressure, there was a low hum, and the music came. A woman's beautiful voice. A few of the words he understood—"mon coeur . . . que j'aime . . . amour." He hummed with the lilt of the song. His warm French nature titillated with emotion.

The music stopped and there was a grinding noise. But the disc still revolved. He gave it a perplexed look. Once more the lithe fingers explored cautiously. They touched something and the disc stopped. A moment more and he had discovered how to start it again. The music welled up to him. The melody sank into his being. He forgot the blizzard, forgot he was hungry, forgot Marie. Near midnight he regretfully covered the machine and rolled himself in an old carpet before the fire. When he awoke in the grey dawn, his first glance was toward the phonograph. He rose and beat himself warm. He lit his pipe.

The blizzard was over. A great soft whiteness blanketed the world. He stood looking down at the phonograph, debating. Then abruptly he seized the silver fox pelt, bound it about the instrument and strapped it to his back. He stepped out into the white world.

An hour later he entered his cabin. Marie was bending over the stove—a half-breed Indian girl with two stiff, black braids and a rather pretty oval face. Her dark eyes lighted when she saw her husband.

"Tam bleazard!" said Louie. He stamped the snow from his moccasined feet and unslung his burden.

Marie gasped with delight at the silver fox. It meant much, much money. But the look she directed toward the phonograph was frankly perplexed. Louie set the box on the stool and adjusted its covering with infinite care. Marie could not understand her husband. Last year he had brought in a black bear pelt and it was cause for a day's celebration. This year he brought in a silver fox! And he threw it on the floor!

Louie pointed a long finger at the covered box, then at Marie, "No touch heem!"

She bowed her head and went back to the stove.

Louie sat down and ate prodigiously of corncakes

and bacon, washed down with huge cups of black coffee. He lighted his pipe and puffed for half an hour. Then he rose, stretched lazily, and started on the day's round of the traps.

That evening after supper Louie uncovered the phonograph. He placed it on the floor, and the music came. He squatted cross-legged near it, and presently began to sway gently to the rhythm. When the first burst of sound smote her ears, Marie, silent in her corner, drew in her breath sharply, so sharply she was afraid Louie might have heard even above the music. Her husband, her man, had brought the voice of a strange woman into the house. Eee-yah, a voice laden with love. And there he sat, charmed at the melody of it. Such a voice must have a beautiful owner, soft, white, gentle, unlike herself.

When the log in the air-tight had burned to a smouldering red mass, Louie replaced the phonograph on the stool.

"Bed," he said.

Marie raised her chin almost imperceptibly toward the phonograph.

"What ees?" she asked.

"Devil—ma petite," he boomed with a great laugh, crushing her to him.

The next night, and the next, and the next—all evening the voice in the box sang to Louie, swaying cross-legged on the floor. And Marie sat still in her corner. Louie's usual after-supper occupations were neglected and forgotten—the gun cleaning, repairing the traps, tightening the snowshoe thongs, solitaire with the greasy pack of cards. His pipe even was filled but once or twice.

One still noon, Marie tiptoed breathlessly to the box and with infinite caution lifted its cover. She waited a moment, and then tremblingly lifted its lid. Nothing happened.

She peered within blankly. She saw nothing soft or gentle or beautiful—nothing that could make such a voice. Only bright metal and a black round thing, like a large, thin, flat cake, burned to a crisp. She lowered her fingers toward this cake-like thing and drew them quickly back. But a second time, with great courage, she touched it. Nothing happened. She felt of its edge. It was brittle, like dried bone.

She tiptoed to a shelf and returned grasping a heavy knife with a short, blunt blade. Suddenly she plunged it downward. There was a sharp, snapping sound, and the black, cake-like thing broke in two pieces.

Marie lowered the lid of the box, replaced the cover as she had found it and went about her work.

After supper, Louie as usual placed the box on the floor and opened it. Marie's eyes contracted and her fingers moved almost imperceptibly in her lap as she watched him. Suddenly he stiffened, remained so an instant, sprang to his feet.

"Gr-r-r-r!"

He wheeled and jerked her to her feet. He raised his right arm. She lowered her head for the blow. But he did not strike.

"So—you do as you tam pleez-z, no mattair what I z-zay!"

He shook her and pushed her from him. Marie cowered in her corner, rubbing the arm he had held in a vise-like grip.

Louie squatted on the floor with the two pieces of disc on his knee. He scratched his head. Then placing them flat on the floor he fitted the broken edges together and with infinite pains bound a buckskin thong about their rim. He replaced the disc in the machine and turned to Marie with a soft, insinuating smile.

"Heh—you—jealous of my singing bird? I will have her sing for you some more."

He started the phonograph, and the music came. But such music. Each time the needle struck the crack in the disc there was a rasping sound, a razor-edged cackination. And when it reached the place where the knife had penetrated it wailed and sputtered intolerably. The beautiful voice had changed as if by a miracle into the cackling of a quarrelsome hag. Louie stopped the phonograph with an oath.

But Marie, silent in her corner, was jubilant.

For a Fair Street
Railway Settlement

A Plain Matter of Justice and Common Sense

"Please state briefly just what the United Railways Company wants the City Government to do, and why"

The above request from a citizen calls for the following reply:

With regard to taxes—

We want the City Government to quit taxing us \$480,000 a year, or any other sum, on property we don't own—on franchise values which the State confiscated in 1913.

We want the City Government to be content with our \$660,000 a year of general property and paving taxes, which is more than our full, fair share of the public tax burden.

We want the City Government to let us use that \$480,000 a year for better service, better wages and a fair dividend on investment recognized by the City.

We want the City Government to treat the street railway system as a public service whose efficiency is vital to the public's health and comfort, and not as a source of political revenue.

With regard to franchises—

We want the City Government to quit fighting our existing franchises.

We want it either to drop its suits against them; or to confirm them for all our lines to 1948 in a new ordinance; or in, the public's interest, to extend them fifty years as it offered to do last July.

We want the City Government in one of these ways to guarantee our right to do

business for a term of years, so that we may be able to get new capital at a fair rate to refund bonded debt and extend the system as the City may require.

We want the City Government, in short, to pull with us in giving St. Louis more and better service at cost, instead of double-taxing us for political purposes and otherwise pulling against us to prevent better service.

We believe a large majority of the men and women of St. Louis now endorse all we have asked of the City Government.

We believe a large majority of the members of the City government would vote for it in a minute—as a plain matter of justice and

We believe a large majority of the members of the City government would vote for it in a minute—as a plain matter of justice and common sense—if some of them were not afraid of being censured by chronic objectors for “favoring the traction monopoly”.

We are not asking for favors.

We are not proposing to buy anything from anybody at City Hall.

We are not asking for a monopoly, nor for subway nor rapid transit franchises.

We are not asking to be relieved of payment of the \$2,100,000 of accrued mill tax, although most of it is a tax on property we didn't own when it was levied. We do ask leave to pay it in ten yearly installments, as we earn the money, and we ask that we be not required to pay interest on that extortionate and unjust tax.

We ask only that the City Government shall hereafter tax us fairly—the same as all other St. Louis businesses; that it shall quit destroying our credit; that it make us free under City and State regulation to give St. Louis the best street railway service the fare-box earnings will pay for.

We have gone straight to the people of St. Louis with all of the facts. We knew we couldn't hope for any relief until the people knew all of the facts and were ready to order and approve proper action by the city Government. The old days and the old ways are gone—never to return. Today it's for the people to say what shall be done—and it will be done.

There may be a few citizens who would be glad to see the City Government drive this Company into bankruptcy, rob our thousands of St. Louis security holders of their equities, and risk the loss of the city-wide free transfer system. There can't be many. The great majority of St. Louis men and women are bound to be fair and sensible.

It's for you to say, and say quickly, whether you want this business operated as a political gold mine, or as a prosperous street railway system ready and able to meet all reasonable demands for increased and improved service.

**The United Railways Company
of St. Louis**

Letters From the People

Facts About Treasury Notes

Editor of the Mirror:

The subject of Treasury Notes has interested me ever since the panic of 1873, so I read carefully Hon. Chester H. Krum's valuable article relating thereto in yours of October 13th.

I was surprised that he should allude to the depreciation of the Treasury Notes issued during the United States civil war without telling why they depreciated, nor mentioning the fact that the \$60,000,000 first issued were "legal tender for all debts, public and private," and never did depreciate.

Those issued after that were "legal tender for all debts, public and private," except duties on imports and interest on the public debt."

Of course when the government dishonored its own notes at its custom houses in order to get gold to pay the bondholders their interest, it put a premium on gold and on any other currency that would pay duties. The only wonder is that with such a handicap the Treasury Notes, familiarly called "greenbacks," kept as good a standing as they did.

It seems to me this matter of "exceptions" is most important and should never be lost sight of in any discussion of money; for it makes a vast difference whether a particular form of currency will cancel all kinds of debts or only some.

CELIA BALDWIN WHITEHEAD.
Denver, Colo., Oct. 17, 1917.

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Straight Talk About the Red Cross

Washington, D. C., Oct. 19, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

My attention has been called to the letter of Louis La Beaume in your issue of October 1, and I ask your courtesy in making a brief reply. There was no "general tone of innuendo and shadowy insinuation," assumed in the article to which he refers—"The Row in the Red Cross." The statements were clear and definite and can be readily comprehended. Conditions must be ideal in St. Louis, according to Mr. La Beaume, and he and his confreres are to be congratulated. They should journey at once to Washington and endeavor to maintain a similar standard here.

There are countless members of the Red Cross who have been affronted in one way and another by the conflicting authorities and who have withdrawn to join other philanthropic lines. It is good news to learn that all contracts will be published. Gossip has boldly asserted that only a few favored firms received contracts, and, if untrue, is doing much to injure the cause. Mr. Davison would be wise to act on the suggestion to publish all details. He is not handling his own funds, and the public, having subscribed the funds, has the right to inquire into the way they are spent. The same is true of salaries paid Red Cross officials. To publish these details will still the voice of slander. In Washington and the east generally, the drive for funds for the Red Cross was made to obtain a permanent fund. Its invest-

ment and all other facts relating to this fund will be read with consuming interest by those who agree with Mr. La Beaume that the Red Cross is the greatest and could be made the most efficient, patriotic and philanthropic organization in the country.

As for dismissing the injustice committed against the memory of the American founder of the Red Cross, as "old wives' tales of petty jealousies," Mr. La Beaume surely wrote in haste and without due consideration. Honoring the memory of the founders is a national trait, if one may judge of the countless men and women banded together to keep alive the good deeds of those who have blazed a path in any useful direction. When Clara Barton died, kings and rulers in Europe and the Orient sent messages of sorrow, and through their representatives, flowers were laid on her coffin. The Red Cross reorganized, sent nothing. The Red Cross building, which is the national headquarters of the Society in the capital of the country, was dedicated and an ex-president of the United States, in his address, did not

The Newest Suits for Women

The street models are quite tailorish and just as smart as can be and the dressy suits include all that's correct and fashionable and in such infinite variety and exceptional detail as to signify art of perceptive selection.

THE latest styles, the cleverest trimmings, the most expert workmanship and highest quality fabrics—these combined with attractive pricing are the essential features of every Vandervoort garment.

Tailored Suits of newest materials priced \$25.00 to \$65.00
Handsome Costume Suits of velveteen and chiffon velvet priced upward from \$65.00

Special attention is given to the selection of Suits in sizes 42 to 50.
Prices range upward from \$29.50.

Suit Shop—Third Floor.



We Have Holland Bulbs

The genuine Holland Bulbs are almost impossible to get. That is why it will interest you to know that an enormous shipment has just arrived here.

This is the time to plant Holland Bulbs so that they may mature before the ground freezes hard. Our Bulbs are all selected stock and the kind that are sure to bloom.

We can fix up a collection of different bulbs for you the same as in previous years, for \$1.00.

Hyacinths, all colors,	10c each, \$1.20 a dozen	Parrot Tulips	35c a dozen, \$2.50 a 100
Darwin Tulips, all colors	50c a dozen, \$3.75 a 100	Single and double Tulips, all colors,	35c a dozen, \$2.50 a 100
Jonquils			
Von Sion, double nose,	50c a dozen, \$3.50 a 100	Golden Spur, single nose,	50c a dozen, \$3.50 a 100
Emperor, single nose,	50c a dozen, \$3.50 a 100	Poeticus Arnatus	25c a dozen, \$1.75 a 100
Sir Watkins, single nose,	50c a dozen, \$3.50 a 100	Crocus Bulbs, all colors or mixed,	20c a dozen, \$1.50 a 100

Floral Shop—Basement.

Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney

Olive and Locust, from Ninth to Tenth



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even remotely allude to the heroic woman who had laid the foundation of the society and who worked nearly half a century for its increase. At the present time, certain members of the Red Cross are deliberately frustrating the will of congress that a bronze tablet to Clara Barton's memory be erected in the new hall. If, as Mr. La Beaume says, the people are the Red Cross, and not their officials, it would be wise for the people to demand this act of justice to Clara Barton, that the tablet paid for by congress be at once placed in the corridor of the Red Cross Hall, an inspiration to men and women who are following in the footsteps of the noble woman who was an angel on the battlefields of the civil war and of France in the war of 1870.

MARGARET B. DOWNING.

Teaching Judge Krum Finance

149 West Twelfth street,
New York City, Oct. 20, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Judge Chester H. Krum's special plea in the MIRROR of October 16 for a system of war finance based on Treasury Notes rather than upon taxation and bond issues, deserves further attention because in the premises it is so persuasive. Judge Krum is an adroit pleader, and his argument is dangerous in this instance because it proposes to ease the pressure on a sensitive nerve. It offers a way out of the financial burdens imposed by the war on this and future generations. But it is not a creditable way, and we, who are to be the first beneficiaries from the crushing of Kaiserism, ought not to save

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our consciences with sophistry if we seek to shirk any part of our obligation to pay in money as well as in blood.

"Not even Hamilton in all his glory," Judge Krum tells us, could have shown how the American people could provide their government with nineteen billion dollars, with money in circulation of less than five billions. Then he must assume that not even Hamilton could have shown how we would effect annually exchanges of commodities amounting to two hundred billions with the same stock of "money." That is a mental attitude toward economics of which William Jennings Bryan has been the most conspicuous protagonist in this country. It is not surprising, therefore, to find Judge Krum saying, in his discussion of the note issues of the Federal Reserve system:

"These Reserve notes are United States notes, covered only to the extent of the merchant's ability to pay his paper, which his bank has rediscounted with the Reserve Board. This very system, so highly applauded, affords the best possible argument for the issue of Treasury Notes in the present emergency;" and to find him reaching the conclusion that—

"Treasury notes, protected as you please, or not protected, are just as much money, just as good money as the notes of the government issued under the Federal Reserve system. Thus might we go on ad infinitum.

The commercial loans of the Federal Reserve System are based on the movement of goods from the producer to the consumer, and liquidate themselves because the world goes on, in war or in peace, consuming the wheat and cotton, the hats and shoes, against which the loans are made. They have back of them the best security in the world. The notes issued in the furtherance of such transactions are not in any sense United States notes. They are an authentic banking issue, immediately responsive to the legitimate demands of trade and amply secured by gold.

There are still a few countries in which currency is issued by the government. Santo Domingo, Nicaragua and Venezuela, I believe, have well-oiled printing presses which turn out currency as the exigencies of the occasion may demand. Judge Krum, who makes no distinction between sound banking and Greenbackism, between an adequately restricted bank-currency backed by gold and fiat money, would have the United States join that distinguished company.

SILAS BENT.

♦♦♦

A Friend of a Man and—Woman

In Detroit there is a public-spirited man named Frederick F. Ingram. He is always working for the good of his fellow-citizens. Primarily he is a single taxpayer who has done much to spread the gospel. Some time ago he began hammering away at the national transportation and freight rate problems (*vide* MIRROR of August 24); he hasn't stopped and his blows are being felt. Last January he organized the Detroit Open Forum for the amicable discussion of economic and social problems—in its aims and methods it is similar to the St. Louis organization of the same name. In the midst of his activities for the welfare of mankind in the mass, Mr. Ingram specifically devotes himself

to the physical comfort of the individual. Elsewhere in this paper is an advertisement of a shaving cream of his manufacture. Read the advertisement and if you find it in your heart to do a kind deed, follow the instructions. If you happen to be a lady, ask for Milkweed cream. Mr. Ingram admits that MIRROR

readers read the MIRROR carefully but he claims that they don't use cosmetics. We want to prove to him that in this one respect his judgment is all wrong.

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A sergeant was drilling an awkward squad and gave the command: "Company! Attention company, lift up your

left leg and hold it straight out in front of you!" one of the squad held up his right leg by mistake. This brought his right-hand companion's left leg and his own right leg close together. The officer, seeing this, exclaimed angrily: "And who is that blooming galoot over there holding up both legs?"



A Sale of Exclusive Coats and Suits

ONE of the most important apparel events that we have ever held—embracing exclusive garments from America's foremost makers at prices that do not usually prevail until December. 400 high-grade garments, in four lots,

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The real significance of this event cannot be grasped until it is known that the sale includes 90 sample garments from the house of

Max M. Schwarcz

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There are plain tailored, dressy Afternoon and Street Suits and Coats, many luxuriously fur trimmed; also a few Wraps are included.

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(Third Floor)

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* * *

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Coming Shows

The attraction at the Jefferson for the week beginning Sunday night will be Neil O'Brien and his minstrels. Mr. O'Brien has appeared here for the past five seasons at the head of his own company, which is now established as one of the big minstrel organizations of the country. This season's show is billed as entirely new in costumes, acts and features. The company includes such minstrel favorites as Reggie Futch, Joe Willard, Major Nowak, Steve Werher and James Barardi.

Percival Knight and the "Dew Drop Inn" company are coming to St. Louis next Sunday night from a successful run of four months in Chicago. This delightful musical comedy will be presented here even more auspiciously than in Chicago, for Mr. Manuel Klein, musical director for such houses as the New York Century theatre and the Hippodrome, is coming to the Shubert-Garrick to direct the augmented orchestra, and will accompany the organization back to New York where the company go for a metropolitan premiere. Mr. Knight is supported by fifty clever singers and dancers, including Florence Webber, Arthur Aylsworth, Royden Keith, Florence Morrison and Banks Winter.

"The Naughty Princess" a farcical operetta in five acts by William B. Friedlander is the headline attraction for the Orpheum next week. In the

cast are Esther Jarret, Sammy Weston, Earl S. Dewey and Mabel "Billy" Rogers. Rae Samuels, famous for her ability to change instantly from pathos to humor and back again, follows in importance. The musical comedy favorite, Maude Lambert, and Ernest R. Ball, the composer, are other numbers of unusual merit. Harry Holman and company will give a new comedy, "Adam Killjoy;" Asahi will bring his eastern entertainers; Edwin George will present "Comedy of Errors;" and Decima and Eddie McLean in whirlwind dances complete the bill.

A revival of Bartley Campbell's "White Slave," which delighted theatre-goers thirty-five years ago, is booked for the American next week. It is the story of a beautiful young girl of aristocratic southern lineage who has been brought up as a negro slave. Picturesque scenic effects have been built expressly for this tour and the play will be presented by a cast of exceptionally clever players. One of the pleasant features is the singing and dancing of a troupe of negroes whose antics reflect the slavery life "before the war."

Pernikoff and Rose and the Imperial ballet will head the Columbia bill starting next Monday; the act is said to be one of the most pretentious and beautiful in current vaudeville. Other attractions will be "Superba's Vision," an artistic study in light and color; Will Stanton and company presenting "His Last Drop;" Arthur LaVine and

company in a three-act comedy, "Coney Island to the North Pole;" Wilson and Wilson, the barber and the bootblack; Stanley and Lea in a novelty musical act; Wilfred Dubois, "Jongleur Superba;" and the latest pictures.

"The Dairy Maids," a miniature musical comedy of rural life, featuring Eddie Foley and Lea Leture with a chorus of pretty girls, will be the principal act at the Grand Opera House next week. Other numbers will be the electrical Venus, a scientific wonder and enigma; a humorous playlet, "What Every Man Needs;" Granville and Mack in a fantasy "The Streets of Italy;" Fox and Mayo with a piano; Sperry and Rae in "The Traveling Man;" the aerial Mitchells, with their breakaway ladder; Irving Gosler in exclusive songs at the piano; Mildred Rayward, singing comedienne; and the latest Keystone pictures.

Another popular comedian, Ben Welch, will be in St. Louis next week. He will appear at the Gayety in a big show—two acts and six scenes of merriment—with the famous Welch dancing girls. Pat Kearney, Billy Wild, Frank Murphy, Leona Earle, Elva Grieves and Frankie Martin will be in the company. Gorgeous costumes, brilliant electrical effects and good music will lend to the festivities.

Burlesque patrons who for years have been laughing over Pat White's eccentric comedy and unique methods

will be rejoiced to hear that he is bringing his "Gaiety Girls" to the Standard next week. Among his assistants will be such well-known favorites as Anna Grant, Walter Brown, Marty Pudig, Gene True and Sidney Hamilton, and a chorus embodying beauty, youth and grace. A special feature will be the living art models.

Max Eastman Comes

Some of us go far afield in our search for humor and we are not always agreed upon it when we find it. Max Eastman, editor, writer and lecturer, a national figure at the age of thirty-four, will lecture at the Sheldon Memorial Monday evening, November 5, on "What is Humor and Why?" Eastman should be a judge of humor but whether or not one agrees with his definition and limitations of it his lecture will undoubtedly be original and interesting. Among his best known books are "Enjoyment of Poetry," "Child of the Amazons and Other Poems," "Understanding Germany," "The Only Way to End War" and "Journalism versus Art."

A History of Russia

The superficial observer may view recent developments in Russia as possible of explanation in events of to-day. They are not. The present revolution is a century old. It seethed and bubbled throughout the whole of the nineteenth century and reached its culmination only within the last few months. But can the events of those last few months be called a culmination? Let us rather consider the recent outbreak as merely one of the stages in the century-long revolution that is to transform that great country—a thing historically of supreme importance because it means the shifting of the incidence of action. Formerly action came from a class, the intellectuals of Russia; now the great masses of the people are moved to action for the first time in the history of that country, and having no judgment, no experience, are still moving blindly. Direction will come with experience, but just now Russia is suffering the confusion of a man suddenly awakened from sleep and unable for a time to orientate himself. That the giant will emerge from this state of obfuscation into the full light of a sane and clear liberty is almost beyond question.

The history of modern Russia really begins with Peter, called the Great. It was he who imported into Russia the so-called western civilization. Prior to Peter, all Russian history lies in the dusk of semi-barbarous uncertainty. That the western civilization which Peter introduced soon degenerated into a despotism worse than oriental was not wholly his fault. Rather was it due to the pressure of tragic circumstance. The Muscovy of Peter was a comparatively small state in the center of what is now known as European Russia. During his reign, so impoverished became the country from the stress of continued wars, that the only way Russia could continue to exist as a state was by forcing bondage upon the entire people. Bondage, which existed for a century in Russia, was thus at first imposed as a military necessity. The exactions of the state were so enormous that military compulsion was the only means whereby they could be collected. This bondage included, to some

extent, the nobles as well as the peasants, and almost the entire political and social concern of Russia for the century and a half since Peter's time has been the removal of those bonds. Catherine II began this work by the release of the nobility from some of the exactions under which it suffered, but her efforts in that direction extended no farther than the aristocracy. Catherine was essentially an aristocrat in politics, however democratic she may have been in her numerous affairs of the heart. She thought she had gone far enough when she freed the nobles from the impositions placed upon them by Peter, although she recognized the peasant problem.

Her son Paul was what may be termed a royal psychopath. His short reign at the beginning of the nineteenth century was a period of unrelieved despotism. Government was nothing more than the whim of the crazy monarch, as in the latter days of the Roman "republic." Paul was assassinated, his own son and successor being involved in the plot,

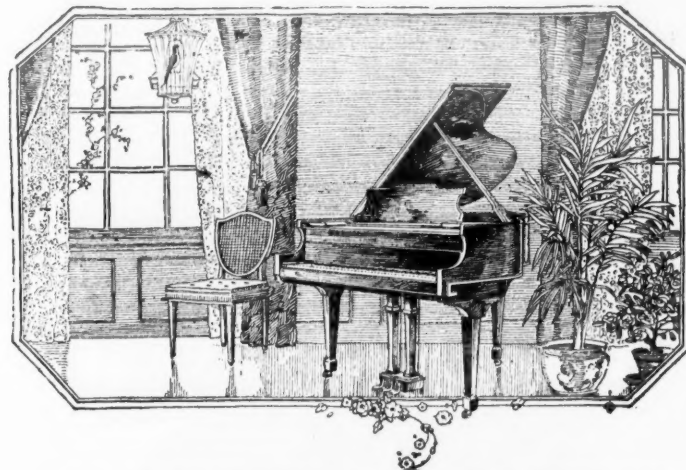
although it is certain that his participation went no farther than the intention to dethrone his father rather than kill him. Alexander I was profoundly depressed by the murder of his father although he had had little contact with him during his life, as his grandmother, Catherine, took him away from his parents in infancy and saw to his education. One of his instructors was LaHarpe, the noted Swiss philosopher and democrat. On ascending the throne the young Alexander, then only twenty-three, was a dreamer and reformer. He had been deeply infected by the sentiments of the French revolution and vaguely purposed applying those ideas in the government of Russia. Unfortunately, the idealism to which the young czar was educated was never carried out, although the first few years of his reign gave high hope to the friends of constitutionalism. As the years passed, Alexander gradually reacted from his former theories, and merged into a gloomy mysticism. This is to say that the priest of the Orthodox church gained control of his mind which naturally was hurtful to the cause of liberty. For liberty of a sort was dreamed of even in Alexander's day, and Speransky, Alexander's leading minister, who would not now be considered a reformer, was far in advance of his time. Up to 1816 the Czar was undoubtedly a convinced constitutionalist and hoped to give his country a constitutional form of government, but internal as well as foreign affairs intervened. Wars with four different countries were fought during Alexander's reign and he had to cope with Napoleon. Alexander was undoubtedly skilled in diplomacy but was not the equal of the little Corsican, as was proved when the two met at Tilsit and negotiated the treaty which bears the name of that town. The intelligent classes of Russia considered it worse than a military defeat. It is a significant fact that at this particular time Napoleon wanted to wipe Prussia off the map, but Alexander prevented him. Another thing not understood by the average student of history is that it was really Alexander and not Wellington who stopped the mounting ambition of the French conqueror by the "Scythian" retreat on Moscow. Napoleon never recovered from the defeat administered to him by this organized Russian campaign of retreat and destruction of the means of subsistence.

Russian history of the nineteenth century may be divided into two periods: The first half, under Alexander I and Nicholas I, a preparation for the fall of the system of bondage; and the second half, the period of reconstruction and further striving for political freedom, beginning with the abolition of serfdom in 1861. This may be learned from "Modern Russian History" (Alfred A. Knopf, New York), a work in two large volumes by Alexander Kornilov, professor in the Polytechnicum of Peter the Great, Petrograd. It may be considered a monumental work, as it is a careful analysis, within its limits, of the forces that have operated to bring about present conditions in Russia. The translation is by Alexander S. Kaun, who has added a chapter dealing with the reign of Nicolas II. Professor Kornilov's work was completed in 1914 without

knowledge of recent events and therefore may be presumed to have been written with certain reservations.

The shackles of slavery were not broken in this country without the heat and hammering of civil war. We of the western world are accustomed to view Russia's solution of the problem of serfdom as accomplished merely by a ukase issued by a Czar. Nothing is further from the truth. It was the work of a century. Even Catherine II, infected by the ideas born of the upheaval in France, gave much thought to the peasant problem, although she did nothing but free the always favored nobles from certain impositions, which naturally made the burdens heavier for the serfs. Alexander I as early as 1816 liberated the serfs of one province, but as he allowed them no land they straightway became the economic slaves of their former masters. Nor should it be assumed that other Czars of the nineteenth century were entirely obscurantist despots. Each of them entered upon his reign with high hopes of benefiting his

people, if we except Alexander III in our own time, who seems to have been a consistent autocrat from the beginning. All of them intended to be benevolent despots at any rate. Any inclination toward reform they may have had was confronted by enormous difficulties, one of which was the chronically involved condition of Russian finances, and another—and far greater—the sullen inertia and ignorance of the Russian people. Nicholas I, who came to the throne in 1825 and ruled for thirty years, was not the equal of his father in ability, nor was he infected with the virus of western constitutionalism. He was a consistent absolutist and while he recognized the pressing nature of the bondage problem, seems to have been able to effect but few reforms. The Crimean war, which occurred near the end of his reign, made a profound impression on the thinking part of Russia, inasmuch as it revealed in a startling manner the innate weakness of the Russian government, and strengthened the position of the revolutionary propagand-



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dists. Alexander II came to the throne in 1855. He is called the "Liberator Czar," not only because he freed the peasants in 1861, but also because nearly all the important reforms of the century were instituted during the first half of the sixth decade. However, Professor Kornilov thinks that he is not so much entitled to the designation for any reformatory tendency of his own as because events had reached a point where the question of bondage had to be settled. The attentate of Karakozov in 1866 made a profound impression on Alexander. It stopped all reform and was responsible for the be-

ginning of a reaction which lasted until the Czar's assassination in 1881. The reign of Alexander III probably represents absolutism at its worst, for throughout this reign Russia was dominated by one relentless, inflexible personality—Pobiedonostzev, tutor of Alexander II, counselor and confessor of Alexander III and Nicholas II, and super-procurator of the Holy Synod. This iron man dominated the Russian government up to 1905 and ruled with remorseless and reactionary hand. It was he who was responsible for the persecution of the Jews and the various sects, and his rule constitutes perhaps the

blackest page in the history of Russian autocracy. It is a curious fact that this man started out as a liberal and then reacted. This seems to have been the course followed by nearly all the czars and abler statesmen of Russia for a century. A significant exception, because of his name and relationship, was Count D. A. Tolstoy, Alexander II's minister of education. Although a man of classic learning, Tolstoy was a consistent reactionary and obscurantist and used his great powers to prevent freedom of speech and to retard education.

The leading problem that engaged the attention of Russian reformers for a

century was human bondage, but of scarcely less importance have been the solution of the land question and the movement toward political freedom. Bondage was a mighty and complicated institution. In the first place there were four or five different classes of peasants held under different tenures. First there were the state peasants, held by the court and government. Then the fiscal peasants, whose labor was exploited for various government financial needs. These could not be sold without the land to which they were attached. Then again there was an industrial class employed in manufacturing. But by far the largest class was owned by the landlords. This class could be sold away from the land and the landlord had complete authority over the person of the serf. As a result of such slavery, many abuses were generated that were worse than the abuses characteristic of black slavery. The serf generally cultivated his little plot of ground, being compelled to pay *barschina* or *obrok* to the landlord. The first-named took the form of service, three or four days a week being given to the landlord; the second was a money payment. The payer of *obrok* was assumed to be the better off because the landlord almost invariably encroached on the rights of the poor serf in his payment of *barschina*. The difference between slavery and serfdom was that the serf was not only expected to take care of himself, but help take care of his master. Another thing that complicated the situation was the difference in the fertility of the soil. Black soil Russia, in the south and west, is far more fertile than the other parts and a distinction had to be made in the allotment of the land when the serfs were freed. Each head of a family on emancipation was to receive two and a half, or more, acres of land. But this land was not given to the peasant. The Russian landlords were willing to do everything except get off the backs of the people. Nor is it strange that under the prevailing system of landlordism there was throughout the century a want of land despite the limitless amount. There were famines during the century in which peasants died by thousands. They could not get to the land, despite the fact that Russia owned most outdoors.

In 1878 the lands of the empire were divided as follows: Fiscal allotment, or what we would perhaps call government land, one hundred and fifty million desiatins; peasant allotments, one hundred and thirty millions; private estates of nobles, seventy-five millions; various institutions, eighty-five millions; royal family, seventy-five millions; private estates, non-noble, twenty millions. It will thus be seen that the overwhelming bulk of the Russian population held less than twice as much land as the royal family. While the peasants were freed by the ukase of Alexander, the land apportioned them had to be redeemed. In the abstract, the landlord was no more entitled to the land than the peasant, but the landlord was in power in Russia to a greater extent than in more advanced countries, and the poor emancipated serf had to continue the payment of *obrok* for a great many years. The Russian landlords were what is called land poor. The land was not used or made productive. Nothing like intensive cultivation

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was known in Russia. The nobles wasted away from their estates the revenues derived therefrom and this reacted heavily against the peasants. So when emancipation and allotment took place, the government had to come to the help of the landlords and naturally later collected the final toll from the oppressed peasant. The landlord system of Russia is the most forcible illustration in the world of the evil of the usurpation of the earth by a favored class and of the need of some system like the single tax to force the land out of the hands of the forestallers. The Russian government has nearly always been in financial difficulties because the empire was not developed, the land was not used. And the empire has never been allowed to develop simply because the people have not been permitted to use the land.

Many westerners erroneously suppose that the Russian revolution dates from last May when the autocracy was overthrown. The revolution is more than a century old. It persisted during the entire nineteenth century. By agitation, education and dynamite it has been making slow progress for generations. Things move slowly in Russia, for unlike other countries, it has no great middle class to bring the upper strata down and the lower strata up. The nearest representative of the middle class has been the small body of *intelligentsia*, which numerically has always been too weak to register effectively. The other two classes represented extraordinary privilege on the one hand, and the great mass of the people whose ignorance and misery rendered them helpless.

The thing that Russian autocracy has most feared has always been education, and therefore the privileged class throughout the nineteenth century took almost every means to suppress education and discourage enlightenment. The efforts at suppression served only to promote growth. The secret revolutionary societies persisted despite the knout, exile and execution. Scores of different publications sprang up and ran until they were suppressed and their editors punished. Nearly every form of propaganda has been tried, from nihilism, which in the beginning was merely an expression of the doctrine of individualism, to *narodniki*, which advocated carrying culture to the people by adopting their ways and living among them. The most recent exponent of this latter doctrine was Leo Tolstoy. It is a discouraging fact that this movement was a failure, as the peasants proved entirely unresponsive. The story of the Russian revolution is a long one and cannot be dealt with here, although the belief may be expressed that it has now entered upon a stage which although it may look like anarchy, will finally realize true democracy.

In reading Professor Kornilov's two volumes, however, one cannot escape the feeling that his perhaps involuntary adherence to the policy of Russian secrecy and suppression has lessened the value of the work. He does not tell us about the Orthodox church, which has from the beginning been despotism's most powerful means of oppression. References to the Jewish question are merely incidental. The complete history of Russia in the nineteenth century cannot be written with these two factors omitted.

New Books

Speaking in the vernacular, Rupert Hughes has a grouch. In his "We Can't Have Everything" (Harpers, New York) he endeavors to conceal under a sardonic aloofness, a sizzling white-hot rage against the marriage laws of the Episcopalian church and the divorce laws of the state of New York. Briefly stated, they are in his estimation inhuman. To prove his point he introduces (a) a New York society woman, beautiful and young and wealthy, whose goodness and charity extend even to Red Cross work in France, the while her most dissolute and unappreciative husband dawdles around New York; (b) the quintessence of American manhood, only son of an honorable family, likewise handsome and rich, the brother-in-law of an English duke, whose patriotism takes him to the Mexican border—loving and beloved of the lady; (c) the spoiled daughter of a plebeian Kansan—or was it Missourian?—beautiful in a petty and pettish way. It is this latter, *Kedzie Thropp* alias *Anita Adair*, who through her inordinate selfishness, immeasurable ambition and indomitable obstinacy, aided by the marriage and divorce laws afore said, manages to mess up generally the lives—and the love affair—of the other two. In order to show these laws operating to their most heinous limit, designing little *Kedzie* is absolved from any real blame and a large fatalism—plus of course the marriage and divorce laws—are made wholly responsible. It is a book with a lot of force, some reason, a little fact, and perhaps a little exaggeration.

"Bottoms Up" is a thin, small volume issued by the Phillip Goodman company, announced as the first book of a new publisher "to be followed by books on the drama by other interesting people." It is a good beginning. George Jean Nathan, the author, calls it "an application of the slapstick to satire;" a transposition that would more nearly describe the book would be "an application of satire to the slapstick," for the satire is both brilliant and sharp and scathingly many of the weaknesses of modern drama and of literature. Almost every phase receives attention, from the popular magazine's habit of making the reader hunt his story among the advertisements, to the cut and dried conceptions of the stage.

"The Candid Courtship" by Madge Mears (John Lane, N. Y.) is an English story and therefore a reflection of that Phariseism which is characteristic of modern English life. The leading male character proposes to the leading female character and at the same time, like the honorable soul he is, confesses that he has not always been—ah—er—discreet. The lady, like the pure and frigid English maiden she is, rejects him with horror, not because he has so little sense as to tell her about it, but because he has been indiscreet. Afterward, the brother of this lady, who is supposedly even more Britishly prudish than his sister, falls in love with the same siren who has seduced the first-named young man and tries to elope with her, but fortunately for everybody, she falls dead at the proper moment. From the

complications that ensue, the leading lady discovers that she is human, after all, and decides to defy English Puritanism by marrying the young man who has confessed his indiscretion. The story is light but is worth reading to pass a few hours.

That "man is by his very nature a polygamous animal" but "western civilization has imposed monogamy upon him, thus compelling him to be a hypocrite," is the theme of George Vane's recent novel, "Closed Lips," published by John Lane. The author does not essay a defense of his postulate but rather shows the dire results of its acceptance. The story is English, dealing with the middle-class and aristocratic levels of society which seem to be the only field that engages the English novelist of to-day. There are a number of bright paragraphs of comment on modern English social conditions, though no very forcible protest—the assumption being that the present British social order is the best possible.

For centuries the attention of men was fixed on the care of an indefinite soul. It is in comparatively recent times that concern has been shifted to the real and concrete physical body. The daily papers run columns devoted to health hints, etc., some of which, to say the least, betray almost anything but deep scientific knowledge of the subjects discussed. Not in this class is the book by Alvah H. Doty, former health officer of the port of New York, which he has entitled "Good Health." The work is intended not so much for those in good health as for those who lack it. There is one chapter on physiology and the remainder are devoted to hygiene and the proper method of living, all written in a simple style that can be easily understood. The chapter on ventilation should have a value to the public, because owing to survived habits it is very difficult to bring to many people a realization of the need of clean, fresh air. Those on the mosquito and the house fly are excellent contributions to the propaganda against these pests. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Marts and Money

They feel better on the New York stock exchange. There's lively tattle about liberal purchasing for the account of capitalistic investors and vigorous supporting tactics on the part of Standard Oil interests. All Rockefeller stocks are strong, it is stated. Emphasis is put also upon the establishment of friendly relations between the government and the war corporations. The bull cliques felt greatly relieved when it became known that Washington had declared its willingness to come to the financial aid of all concerns that stood in need of additional working capital. In response to this bit of news, Bethlehem Steel shares rose over fifteen points and Midvale Steel eight. United States Steel common rallied from 99½ to 107. There were some smart recoveries also in the quotations for shipping and railroad stocks; in short, the entire list of active issues displayed noteworthy activity and resiliency at advanced levels. The forward movement

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was further accelerated on the publication of official statements that approximately \$2,000,000,000 of the 4 per cent war bonds had been taken and that prospects for complete success in this respect had strikingly improved. Another helpful factor was the announcement that the government had advised owners of investment stocks to purchase war bonds against their certificates as collateral at the banking institutions. Considering the simplicity of this idea and its having been in effect in the principal belligerent countries in Europe since the early months of 1915, it seems surprising that Washington did not put it forth at the time of the flotation of the first Liberty loan. The disastrous falls in the values of so many high-grade securities since last June have seriously damaged the credit of millions of people throughout the country. The changed attitude on the part of the government was clearly revealed when the comptroller of the currency made im-



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lies in the thrift of its people. The savers, building up their independence little by little, are the foundation of its prosperity. If you would share the benefits of a prosperous nation, you should save and deposit regularly in the Mercantile Trust Company, Eighth and Locust Streets, a definite portion of your earnings.

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FOURTH and PINE

portant concessions to the national banks in regard to the book values of their holdings of investment securities. Taken altogether, it was a distinctly encouraging week for the financial communities. It witnessed a rather sudden cessation of heavy selling pressure and the reappearance of bargain-hunters. Thus far, the quotations for high-grade railroad stocks have not recorded gains of real consequence. Union Pacific common, for instance, which broke to 120, is quoted at 123½, or at a figure indi-

cating a depreciation of \$26 when compared with the high mark established on June 6. It appears of some significance that the decline in this case should have stopped at a level implying a net return of about 8¾ per cent. In dominant financial quarters, it was realized, no doubt, that for the time being the downward course in the prices of representative issues had gone far enough. In the MIRROR of October 18, I pointed out that sentiment respecting steel and copper issues continued un-

qualifiedly pessimistic, and then stated that "if we were living in normal times, we would be amply justified in drawing the conclusion from this that the downward movement had come to an end." The absence of normal times was atoned for by the run of exhilarating news from the capital. Traders who had been separated from their stocks at ruinous figures were somewhat astonished when eminent authorities were credited with statements to the effect that the copper, steel, and armament producers had voiced satisfaction with the schedules of prices fixed by the government, and that some of them had even insisted that they would be able to continue paying exceptionally high dividend rates, the severe war taxation notwithstanding. Naturally, bull dope is again quite plentiful. Enthusiasts on Steel common stoutly predict another wondrous rise and advise all their "friends" to carry a little of the stock for a few weeks. Talk about bitter strife among the magnates of the Bethlehem Steel corporation has died down the wind. Everything is again lovely and peaceful. Presumably, Charles M. Schwab, *et al.* were avid purchasers of the class B stock when it touched 69½, after selling at over 155 last June. The new preferred 8 per cent stock, which fell to 91, has rallied to almost 100. In this connection, it must be mentioned that at the time of the worst demoralization in the values of Bethlehem shares a great deal of stress was laid upon the fact that the corporation had to pay 12 per cent to the syndicate of underwriting bankers. Pondering such occurrences, one feels reminded of the Tartuffean question: "Qui donc trompe-t-on ici?" ("Who is being cheated here?") Values in the bond market recorded modest rallies in sympathy with the betterment in the stock department. The daily totals of transfers showed no appreciable enlargement, however. United States Steel 5s, which dropped below par some days ago, are again quoted at 101. Atchison general 4s rallied from 85½ to 86, and Union Pacific first 4s, from 89½ to 90¾. The bonds of foreign governments and municipalities still exhibit singularly pronounced degrees of weakness. The Anglo-French 5s, which were up to 96 some months ago, have relapsed to 91¾. City of Paris 6s are rated at 90¾; they were brought out at 99 by New York bankers. United Kingdom 5½s remain at the low notch of 93. In quotations such as these one finds it impossible to discern signs of peace at an early date. They suggest at least another year of unprecedented struggles and sacrifices.

The money market is firm, especially as concerns call loans. Time loans still are quoted at 5¾ to 6 per cent. It is generally assumed that conditions do not support hopes of a truly substantial easing-off in interest rates in the next two or three months. The final month of the year is likely to bring another flurry in call rates, particularly in the holiday season, when the banks have to make extensive preparations for January 1 payments of dividends and interest. President Wilson has issued an urgent appeal to all state banks and trust companies still outside the federal fold to enter it without undue delay, in order to facilitate endeavors to centralize and mobilize the country's financial resources to the utmost degree. In the market

for foreign bills of exchange, the only material change can be noted in the quotation for Russian rubles, which is 13¼ cents, against 15 a week ago. The renewed decline followed upon news of the aggressive activities of German fleets in the Baltic. A dispatch from Copenhagen intimated, the other day, that the quotation for German reichmarks had fallen to 44, against a normal rate of 95. Italian exchange continues very weak, the quotation being 7.78, against 5.19 in normal times. French exchange is quoted at 5.79½ francs. Before the war, the quotation was 5.19. The American dollar remains at a discount in Spain and the Scandinavian nations as a result of the curtailment of exports from the United States.

Comptroller Williams reports that the total resources of the national banks on September 11, the date of the last bank call, were \$16,543,000,000. "If \$5,000,000,000 of deposits should be withdrawn from the national banks, their deposits would still be \$286,000,000 greater than they were at this time in 1913. Deposits are \$1,872,000,000 greater than on September 12, 1916, the sum total being \$13,234,000,000."

Computed on the Sauerbeck system, the index number of average English prices of forty-five commodities was 175¾ on August 31. This compares with an average of 189, computed by Professor Jevons for 1809, at the climax of rising prices in the Napoleonic wars.

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Finance in St. Louis

They have a quiet and somewhat soft market on Fourth street. Quotations show the effects of the great losses in values in Wall street, as well as of liquidation for people intending to purchase the government's 4 per cent bonds. With only few exceptions, the latest declines were not of striking importance. There was some enlargement in the selling of bank certificates, which are extensively owned by capitalistic investors. Ten Boatmen's Bank brought 104, which compares with a minimum of 100¾ last February. Twenty-five Mercantile Trust were taken at 354. This figure denotes a depreciation of only six points from the top notch of last January—360. Almost two hundred shares of Bank of Commerce were sold at from 113.50 down to 110.50. The latter price still indicates a considerable improvement when contrasted with the 1916 minimum. Thirty shares of Title Guaranty Trust were taken at 88. In the early part of this year sales were made at 110.50. The dividend rate is 4 per cent.

The demand for industrial issues continues relatively large. National Candy brought 29.75 to 30.75. The high mark of the year, set in August, was 38; the minimum, 19. Of International Shoe common, sixty shares were taken in the past week at 97.75; of Brown Shoe common, forty-five shares at 65; of St. Louis Cotton Compress, ten at 40; of Ely-Walker D. G. common, two hundred and eighty-four at 122, and of Certain-teed Products common, ten at 47. Two thousand dollars Kinloch Telephone 6s brought 102.25.

The inquiry for United Railways preferred stock continued active. Over three hundred shares were transferred at 21.50 to 23.75. In January last, sales

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Stock dividend

REEDY'S MIRROR

were effected at 15. Of the common stock, thirty-five shares were sold at 6, or two points above the year's low record. The 4 per cent bonds drew scant attention. The week's total of sales was \$8,000; prices paid varied from 57.75 to 58.

The demand for funds is quite lively at present, and should be so at least two months longer. Loans are quoted at 5½ to 6 per cent. Bank clearings still indicate noteworthy gains when compared with the records of a year ago.

Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	113¼	
Miss. Valley Trust.....		285
St. Louis Union Trust.....		340
United Railways com.....		6¼
do pfd.....	24¼	24½
do 4s.....	57¾	
K. C. Home Tel. 5s (\$100).....		91½
Rice-Stix 1st pfd.....		113
Ely & Walker com.....		122
do 1st pfd.....	106½	
do 2d pfd.....	86	
International Shoe com.....		98
Hydraulic P. Brick com.....	1	1¼
American Bakery com.....	11	1¼
American Bakery com.....	11	
Brown Shoe com.....	63	66
National Candy com.....	30¼	30½

SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis.—National Lead common still is more of a speculation than an investment. The 4 per cent dividend seems secure, however. Holders have received returns, at varying rates, since 1906, when 3 per cent was paid. In 1909, 5 per cent was paid. Since January 1, 1916, the rate has been 4 per cent. The floating supply in Wall street is comparatively small. While the quotation for lead has materially declined in recent times (from 11 to 6½ cents), the company's earnings continue in excess of most pre-war records. The present price of the common stock is 47, a figure denoting a net yield of 8½ per cent. It would appear, therefore, that you would be reasonably safe in putting in a scaled buying order. The top mark in 1916 was 74½.

DOCTOR, Pueblo, Colo.—On August 21, Tolacco Products common was rated at 80¼. Some days ago the quotation was down to 49. At this moment it is 56. In view of the commencement of dividends at the quarterly rate of \$1.50, the stock may be regarded as a promising speculation for a patient hold. Earnings are highly satisfactory. They warrant the belief that a year hence the common dividend rate might be raised to 7 per cent. There is no bonded debt.

H. R. P., Sioux City, Ia.—The preferred stock of the American Beet Sugar Co. is a commendable investment. The fixed rate of 6 per cent has been paid since date of organization in 1899. At the prevailing price of 91, the net yield is nearly 6¾ per cent. Last year's maximum was 102. There can be no doubt as to the stability of the dividend, the company disbursing \$2 every three months on the common stock and having paid 12 per cent extra last March. A cut in the regular common rate to 6 or 7 per cent would have no hurtful effect on the value of the preferred shares.

STOCKHOLDER, St. Louis.—While the dividend on Baltimore & Ohio common

cannot be said to be absolutely safe, there's no danger of a cut next spring. The 5 per cent still is fully earned, despite the startling increases in cost of operation and in fixed charges in the past few years. Purchasers at the ruling price of 58 get about 8½ per cent on their funds. Under generally propitious conditions, the stock would undoubtedly score a recovery of twenty points at least.

D. A. McD., Springfield, Ill.—Superior Steel common, quoted at 37, is merely a speculation, despite the initiation of payments. Cannot advise purchases unless you can afford to run the risks involved. The company cannot be expected to pay dividends on preferred and common shares in cases of a serious reaction in the steel industry.

READER, Alton, Ill.—(1) Let Peerless Motors alone. It has no substantial merits at present. The market for it is unpleasantly narrow. The company is very richly capitalized at \$10,000,000. (2) American Locomotive common will doubtless continue paying \$5 per annum for an indefinite period. The company has big contracts on hand and should prosper handsomely even after the brawl in Europe has subsided.

M. R., Chicago, Ill.—In view of the many fine bargains now going, a purchase of Tennessee Copper & Chemical would seem quite injudicious. The company's position is somewhat precarious, despite the recent reorganization.



New Books Received

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THE DIARY OF A NATION: THE WAR AND HOW WE GOT INTO IT by E. S. Martin. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.

War editorials that appeared in "Life" during the three years following August, 1914, showing how American opinion formed and how American politics were affected. Writing distinguished for the precision with which it hits the mark, and with a powerful trace of humor.

HOW COULD YOU, JEAN? by Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.35.

The romance of a girl who dared to be original. Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg.

THE TRUST PROBLEM by Jeremiah Whipple Jenks and Walter E. Clark. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., \$2.00.

Fourth edition revised and enlarged to almost a new book, showing the development of trust legislation in the last few years. With charts, indexes and appendices.

CREATORS OF DECORATIVE STYLES by Walter A. Dyer. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., \$3.00.

A survey of the decorative periods in England from 1600 to 1800, with special reference to the masters of applied art who developed the dominant styles, with sixty-four pages of illustrations.

THE MAN WHO KILLED by Claude Farrère. New York: Brentano's, \$1.50.

The story of a remarkable incident in the life of a French military attaché in Constantinople, distinguished for its excellent depiction of Turkish life and for the artistic presentation of its striking denouement. Translated by Magdalen C. Schuyler.

THE ORIGIN AND PHILOSOPHY OF LANGUAGE by Ludwig Noiré. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co., \$1.00.

Second edition revised and enlarged, setting forth the philosophy that language and reason

were originally contained in the same germ and that the use of language developed the power of reasoning. Indexed.

THE LAST MILESTONE by Emma R. Saylor. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co., \$1.25.

The history of an old ladies' home interwoven with a charming romance. Written by a former St. Louisan. Frontispiece.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S APPLE BOOK by L. Gertrude MacKay. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 75 cents.

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THE WELL OF ENGLISH AND THE BUCKET by Burgess Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., \$1.25.

Essays on the art of written expression very entertainingly written, by the assistant professor of English at Vassar.

GRACE LORRAINE by Douglas Sladen. New York: Brentano's, \$1.40.

An English millionaire endows an asylum for indigent authors, artists and musicians; later an American millionaire buys the property and marries the daughter of the then impoverished founder. A German spy and a Zeppelin raid place its time in the present era.

A PRINCESS OF MARS by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg, \$1.35.

A story of the adventures and romance of an American on the planet Mars, by the author of the Tarzan books. Illustrated.

A SON OF THE CITY by Herman Gastrell Seely. Chicago: A. C. McClurg, \$1.35.

A story and study of boy life, recounting their pranks and describing their home life. Drawings by Fred J. Arting.

BENEFITS FORGOT by Honoré Willson. New York: F. A. Stokes, 75c.

The story of a young army surgeon of the Civil War who repaid with neglect his mother's patient devotion until compelled by Lincoln to appreciate her self-sacrifice. Illustrated by Charles E. Cartwright.

AMERICAN PATRIOTIC PROSE AND VERSE. Chicago: A. C. McClurg, \$1.25.

Prose and verse by American authors celebrating the deeds of American heroes, arranged chronologically and preceded by a short account of the facts leading to the writing of the article. Selected and edited by Ruth Davis Stevens and David Harrison Stevens.

THE NEAPOLITAN LOVERS by Alexander Dumas. New York: Brentano's, \$1.40.

A romantic story founded on history in which Nelson and the king and queen of Sicily figure. Dumas obtained the historical facts from Garibaldi and wrote the book in revenge for the death of his father which had been ordered by the Sicilian monarchs. Translated by R. S. Garnett.

AMERICAN PRESIDENTS by Thomas Francis Moran. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 75 cents.

A critical study of our presidents showing that the personality of each is largely responsible for his contribution to American progress; a survey of the leading events of American history viewed from the White House.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES by Franklin P. Adams. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.00.

Merry rhymes by "F. P. A." the New York "Tribune" "columnist," slyly poking fun at all the world.

GREEN TRAILS AND UPLAND PASTURES by Walter Prichard Eaton. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.60.

The choicest of Mr. Eaton's nature writings which have appeared in various magazines, here reprinted in book form and fittingly illustrated by Walter King Stone.



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There is a politician in Chicago who, though of a rather cynical turn, tries hard to refrain from the expression of his pessimistic sentiments while at home or with his friends. Now and then, however, his cynicism gets the better of him. One day his twelve-year-old son, who had been reading, suddenly put down his book, and, looking up at his father, asked: "Dad, is it really true that there is honor among thieves?" "No, my son," said dad; "thieves are just as bad as other people."

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Bloomers

Some half a century ago, in the days when a few radically thinking people set on foot a movement to give women certain rights which were denied them, but to which they considered themselves entitled, one woman, believing that a more comfortable and sensible style of dress was one of the most needed reforms for her sex, invented that bifurcated garment which we to-day call "bloomers." The inventor, however, did not give it that name, if any. This invention did not meet with approbation, except among the most radical of the women's rights advocates, and only a few of those who were strongly in favor of dress reform adopted it. Elizabeth Smith Miller, who designed the costume, is said to have worn it for a number of years, even in the most fashionable circles in Washington, while her father, Gerrit Smith, a public-spirited philanthropist, was a member of congress. Mrs. Amelia Bloomer of Seneca Falls, New York, who was, according to the history of woman suffrage, editor of the first periodical devoted to the cause of wo-

man's rights (at least, the first which lasted any length of time), was enthusiastic over the startling new garment and advocated the wearing of it in her weekly paper, the *Lily*. But still the garment had no name. Not only did Mrs. Bloomer recommend the new costume in her periodical, but she wore it herself, as did a number of other radical women of the neighborhood, among them being Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. The newspapers took up the subject and discussed it vigorously and, for want of a better name, called them "bloomers," in honor of the woman who advocated them so earnestly.

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